

The



# TATTLER

& BYSTANDER

JULY 3, 1957

TWO SHILLINGS

MISS KATE ROOSEVELT





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MISS KATE ROOSEVELT is the daughter of Mrs. John Hay Whitney, wife of the American Ambassador in London. She came to England early this year with her sister, Mrs. Anthony di Bonaventura, who has two small children. This photograph was taken at Winfield House, Regent's Park, the official residence of the American Ambassador, a large house containing fine furniture and pictures. Tomorrow, July 4, Mr. Whitney and his family, together with the many other Americans living in London, will be celebrating Independence Day

## DIARY OF THE WEEK

From July 3 to July 10

**July 3 (Wed.)** The Queen and Prince Philip will visit Norwich.

Royal Henley Regatta opens, Henley-on-Thames (to 6th).

Dances: Lady Maud (small dance) for Miss Caroline Maud, 1 Greville Place, N.W.6; Lady Robinson for Miss Loretta Robinson, at 24 Carlton House Terrace.

Tudor Rose Ball at the Savoy.

Racing at Newmarket, Liverpool and Carlisle.

**July 4 (Thu.)** Cricket: Third Test Match, England v. West Indies (and 5th, 6th, 8th, 9th), at Nottingham.

American Society in London Independence Day Dinner, at the Dorchester.

Dance: Mrs. Frank Shuttleworth for her granddaughter Princess Charlotte Croy, at 85 Avenue Road, N.W.

Lansdowne Club Summer Ball.

Racing at Newmarket and Liverpool.

**July 5 (Fri.)** Royal Windsor Rose Show (two days), Windsor Castle grounds.

Dances: Mrs. Christopher Vian and Mrs. Hugh Eaton for Lady Elizabeth Stopford, Miss Elizabeth Eaton, and Miss Caroline Spicer at Enton Mill, Witley; Mrs. Barclay (small dance) for Miss Isabel Barclay, at Geerings, Warnham, Sussex; Mrs. Ralph Sewell for Miss Marian Sewell, at Ingatstone, Essex; The Hon. Mrs. Michael de Courcy and Mrs. Geoffrey Turner (small dance) for Miss Dione de Courcy and for the coming-of-age of Mr. Christopher Young, Hyde Park Hotel.

The Club of the Three Wise Monkeys summer ball at the Hyde Park Hotel.

Racing at Newmarket, Warwick, Haydock Park and Carlisle.

**July 6 (Sat.)** Lawn Tennis: Championships at Hurlingham Club.

Polo at Cowdray.

Dances: Mrs. H. V. Cochrane (small dance) for Miss Valerie Cochrane at Aveley Hill, Farnham; Lady De Ramsey for the Hon. Sarah and the Hon. Jennifer Fellowes, at Claridge's; Mrs. Ferris St. George and Mrs. Gerald Gundry for Miss Dide St. George and Miss Susan Clarke, at Highgrove, Tetbury; Mrs. Ronald Holbech for Miss Anne Holbech, and Mrs. David Nicholl for Miss Vanessa Nicholl, at Farnborough Hall, Banbury; Mrs. James B. P. Weir (small dance) for Miss Marion L. Weir at Westbourne, Emsworth, Hants.

Lawn Tennis Association Ball at Grosvenor House. Racing at Newmarket, Chepstow, Haydock Park and Stockton.

**July 7 (Sun.)** Polo at Windsor and Cowdray.

**July 8 (Mon.)** National Rifle Association Imperial Championship Meeting (to 24th), at Bisley, Surrey.

Dances: The Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava for her son's birthday at 4 Hans Crescent; Mr. George Ansley for Miss Jacqueline Ansley, at Claridge's.

Racing at Alexandra Park and Nottingham.

**July 9 (Tue.)** Dance: Mrs. F. Strickland-Skailes for Miss Pamela Strickland-Skailes at Claridge's.

Racing at Salisbury, Nottingham and Edinburgh.

**July 10 (Wed.)** The Duchess of Gloucester will open the Marie Curie Memorial Foundation Flower Fair and Garden Party in Marlborough House garden.

Polo at Cowdray.

Dance: Countess Manassei for Miss Sandra Manassei at 48 Hyde Park Gate; Mrs. Nigel Dugdale (cocktail dance) for Miss Antonia Dugdale and Miss Clare Charrington in London.

Racing at Salisbury, Pontefract, Yarmouth and Edinburgh.

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Barry Swaeb

## Christening at a country church

THE YOUNGEST CHILD of the Hon. Robin and Mrs. Cayzer was christened Charles William by the Rev. Robert Daubney at St. Giles Church, Bletchington, near Bicester, recently. Mrs. Cayzer, with Charles William and her other son, Robin, was met at the

church by the vicar (above). The baby's godfathers are the Hon. Bernard Bruce, Sir James Cayzer, Viscount Massereene and Ferrard, and Viscount Hereford, and his godmothers the Countess of Gainsborough, Mrs. Michael Colvin and Lady Mary Mansel Lewis





*The Hon. Mrs. Cartwright and Miss Elizabeth Cartwright waiting to receive their guests*



*The Hon. Kenneth and Mrs. Weir with Mrs. McCabe and Dr. H. F. McCabe*

## DEBUTANTE DANCE IN NORTANTS



*Mr. Colin Malcolmson, Miss Camilla Bellville, Miss Karen Player and Mr. Henry Seymour*



*Mr. Charles Henderson in conversation with Miss Fiona Sheffield*





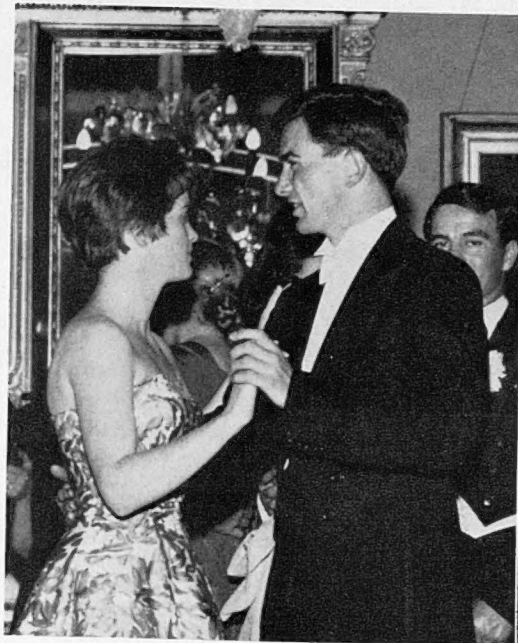
*Mrs. J. Chandos-Pole, Miss Anne Walker and Miss Deirdre Heber-Percy*



*Mr. C. Kerrison, Miss Carol Martineau, Miss Julia Martineau*



*Miss Carolyn Mullens in conversation with Mr. Charles Connell*



*Miss Suzanne Bareau dancing with Mr. David Rogers*



*Miss Mary Ann Gretton and Mr. Julian Watson*



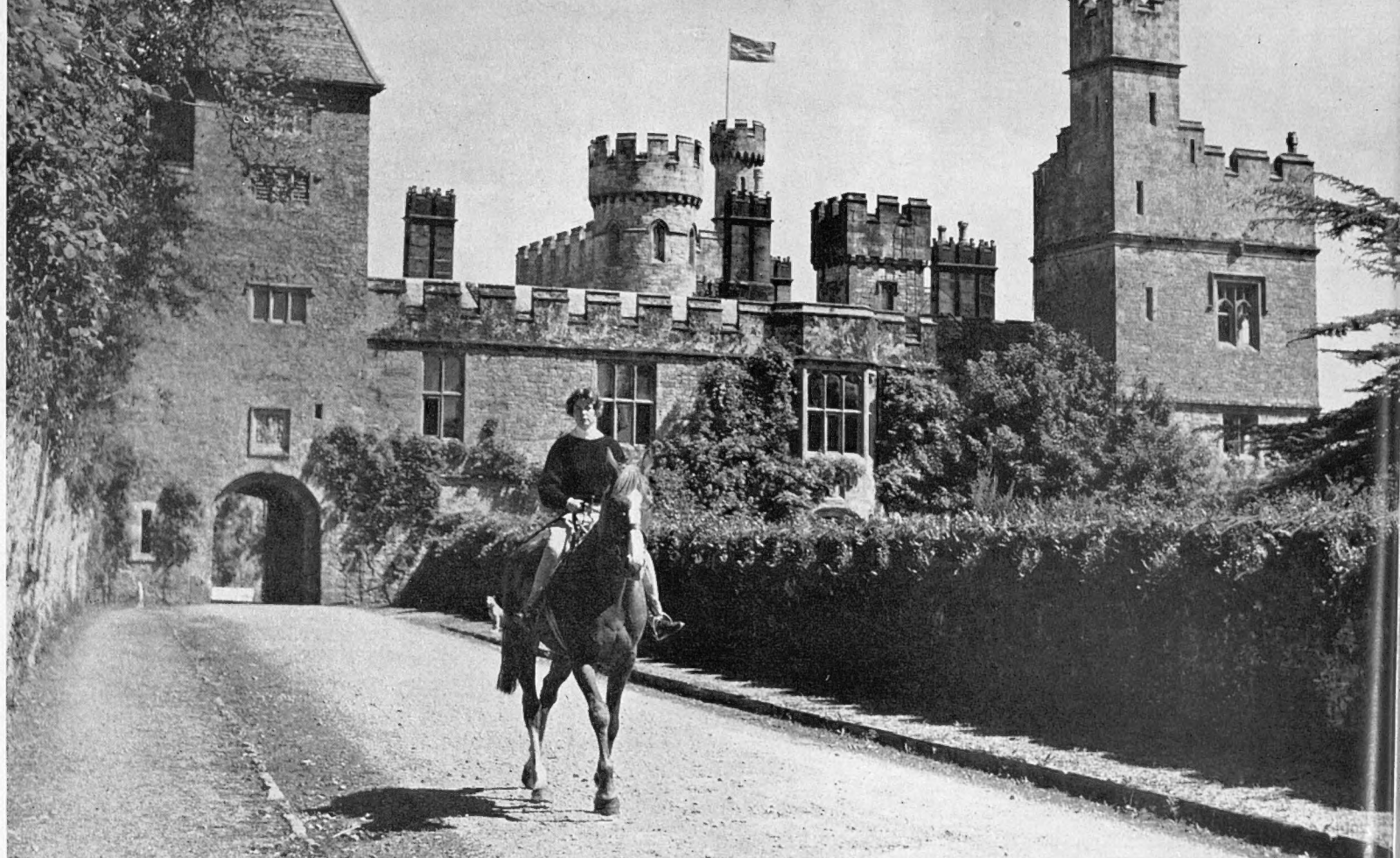
*Miss Anne Holbech sitting out with Mr. Miles Towcester*



*Mr. Robin Angus with Miss Suna Portman beside the chimneypiece of Mexican onyx in the Front Hall*

*Van Hallan*





ROYAL TAN, the Irish-bred steeplechaser who won the Grand National in 1954, is to go into well-deserved retirement. Prince Aly Khan has presented this famous horse to the Duchess of Devonshire who is seen riding him at Lismore Castle, Co. Wexford. She intends to hunt him next season

C. C. Fennell

## Social Journal

Jennifer

# A GRACIOUS BALL AT CLIVEDEN

H.M. the Queen, wearing a lovely white satin crinoline with pink roses appliquéd and beaded, and a magnificent pearl and diamond tiara, Prince Philip, Princess Margaret in white tulle with an exquisite turquoise and diamond tiara, and Princess Alexandra in ice blue satin, were present with members of the Royal house party from Windsor Castle at the lovely coming-out ball that Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks gave for their débutante daughter Daphne on the Tuesday of Royal Ascot. Viscount Astor very kindly lent Cliveden, which made a truly perfect setting for the occasion, flares lining each side of the drive as one approached the floodlit mansion. Dancing took place in the magnificent library, and also in a patio at the end of the lawn adjoining the house, while supper was served at small tables in the dining-room.

There was ample sitting out space in the morning room adjoining the library, in the fine baronial hall where, like everywhere else in the house, beautiful flowers had been arranged, and—through the French windows—on the long paved terrace which, running the whole length of the house, overlooks the picturesque tiered lawns running down to the river. As it was one of the warmest nights of the year, a great many of the guests, including the Royal party, sat out here between dances. Miss Daphne Fairbanks, who looked very attractive in a white satin dress trimmed with pink, received the guests with her mother, who looked charming in a yellow satin dress with a bow on one side, designed by Victor Stiebel, and a pearl and diamond tiara in an oak leaf design.

THIS was a truly wonderful ball, beautifully arranged, without ostentation but with a care and dignity in keeping with this lovely stately home. It was an evening which all who were present, especially the younger guests, should remember all their lives as a very special occasion. It was a charming and kind thought of Mr. Douglas Fairbanks to invite as many as could be spared from duty of the doctors, nurses and staff of the Cliveden and Maidenhead hospitals, together with a large number of tenants and staff of the Cliveden estate, to watch the brilliant firework display, which took place around midnight, from just below the terrace. The Queen on hearing they were

there, with her usual thoughtfulness, walked down the steps and stood and waved to them all.

Like other members of their party, Her Majesty and Prince Philip were obviously enjoying this delightful evening, and in spite of having had a long and busy day danced frequently and stayed until the early hours of the morning. Among the Queen's partners were Prince Philip, Viscount Astor and Mr. Fairbanks. I saw that dynamic personality Nancy Viscountess Astor, wearing a magnificent tiara, dancing several times. Among the bevy of young girls dancing were Princess Sandra of Torlonia, lovely in pale blue, Miss Marina and Miss Tessa Kennedy, Miss Frances Sweeny very attractive in a silver and white dress, Miss Caroline Spicer, Miss Merle Ropner, Miss Joan Lawton, Miss Lorna Lyle, Miss Francesca Roberti, Miss Sarah Johnstone, Miss Julia Stonor, Miss Felicity Ann Hall, Miss Gail Clyde, Miss Fiona Sheffield, Miss Deirdre Senior and Miss Susan Wills whose parents, Major and the Hon. Mrs. Wills, brought a big party of débutantes. There were, of course, numerous young men and happily all the girls appeared to be dancing gaily, or to have an escort with whom to sit out all the time.

AMONG the older guests were Prince and Princess Frederick of Prussia, the Swedish Ambassador and his very chic wife Mme. Hägglöf, whose son Axel was also present, the Cuban Ambassador, whose wife is visiting Cuba, the Spanish Ambassador who gave a big dinner party for the ball, the Austrian Ambassador, and the German Ambassador who came up to have a word with Mr. Stavros Niarchos, who, he remarked jocularly, was wearing the same ribbon and decoration as himself! Mrs. Niarchos, looking very pretty and wearing an exquisite diamond drop on a necklace, was with her husband. The Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, the latter very good looking and wearing fine turquoises and diamonds, and their son-in-law the Duke of Northumberland were there; also the Duke of Argyll talking to the Duke of Sutherland (they both had ancestors born at Cliveden), the Duchess of Sutherland, the Duchess of Argyll, the Duke and Duchess of Bedford sitting at a table on the terrace with Earl and Countess Cadogan, Sir Derek and Lady Hoyer Millar, Sir Norman Gwatkin, the Hon. Neville and Mrs. Berry, who were sharing a house at Went-



worth for Royal Ascot with that charming veteran American owner Mrs. Iselin, who trains her horses in this country with Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, Mr. Alex Abel Smith who came with the Earl of Ronaldshay and his very attractive wife and Lt.-Col. the Hon. Christopher and Lady Elizabeth Beckett. The latter, like Lady Ronaldshay and many of the other ladies present, was wearing a tiara. Mrs. Alex Abel Smith, who was one of the Queen's ladies-in-waiting that week, came with the Royal party from Windsor Castle.

Others enjoying this gracious evening included Mrs. John Ward, lovely in white satin, the Hon. Reginald and Mrs. Winn who were among Lord Astor's house party, the Earl and Countess of Westmorland, Mr. Whitney and Lady Daphne Straight, Lord and Lady Roderick Pratt, Mme. de Herren looking very chic, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Miller, Lt.-Col. Niall and Lady Jean Rankin, Sir Harold and Lady Zia Wernher, and their two daughters Mrs. Harold Phillips and Mrs. David Butter with their husbands, the Earl and Countess of Euston, the Marquess and Marchioness of Blandford, Lady d'Avigdor-Goldsmid and her sister Mrs. Waddington, Lord and Lady Ogilvy and her aunt Lady Marriott, Lord Porchester and his very pretty wife, Mr. and Mrs. John Mills and Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Bartley, the latter perhaps better known as Deborah Kerr.

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WHETHER they were winners or losers on the meeting, I did not meet anyone at this year's Royal Ascot who had not enjoyed it. Never on the final day have so many friends remarked to me how sad they were it was all over for another year. For the last three days (I wrote about the opening day last week) everyone basked in glorious summer weather. The Queen, accompanied by Prince Philip and members of their house party at Windsor Castle, drove up the course each day in five open carriages with brilliant liveried postillions and outriders. It really was a Royal Meeting in the true sense, as twice all the men's hats were raised and tremendous cheering broke out on both sides of the course when our beloved and lovely young Queen won races on the second and third day. What added to her pleasure was that both horses were home bred at her Sandringham stud. These victories also put the Queen at the head of the winning owners. Both horses had been trained by Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, who was the leading trainer of the Royal meeting this year, as he saddled the winners of four races including the Gold Cup.

The Queen again looked charming on Gold Cup day in blue (a colour she wore on three out of the four days). Among those I noticed looking outstandingly chic were Baronne de Waldner, also in pale blue and little cap to match, Mrs. John Thursby cool and very elegant in a lovely draped dress of palest oyster grey toile de soie and a large black velvet hat, the Hon. Lady Lowson in white with a black hat, Lady Howard de Walden in a white paper taffeta dress with black polka dots and an emerald green straw hat, Mrs. Tom Blackwell in a champagne coloured silk suit and attractive net cap, Mrs. Robin McAlpine in a navy blue dress and jacket and large black hat, Mrs. Herbert Holt in Christian Dior's cherry red silk coat, Mrs. Antony Norman extremely chic in Balmain's embroidered biscuit coloured linen dress and jacket, Mme. Leon Volterra in a white lace dress and jacket and white tulle hat, and Lady Ohlson in a black and white silk print and large white hat underlined with black.

Outstanding among the débutantes that day was Miss Deirdre Senior, chic and cool in a perfect Ascot ensemble for a young girl—a dress of palest parma violet wild silk, cleverly cut and designed, with a little mob cap trimmed with a tiny posy to match, and long gloves of the same shade. This her mother the Hon. Mrs. Senior, who was accompanied by Brig. Senior, told me was the dress and hat Deirdre wore to the Presentation Party at Buckingham Palace in April.

THE Duke and Duchess of Norfolk had many relations and friends in their box, and Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones, Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps, was looking after the Ambassadors and their wives in the stand reserved for them. The Dowager Lady Howard de Walden, who looked charming on Gold Cup day with a large white hat and printed silk dress, was as hospitable as ever in her private luncheon room; I also met two of her daughters, the Hon. Mrs. Heathcoat-Amory and the Hon. Mrs. Seymour. Mr. and Mrs. John Rogerson were also hosts to a number of friends each day in their private luncheon room. White's Club tent, so handy in the paddock, was a happy rendezvous between, and often during, races (they had two television sets installed!) every afternoon. Among those who enjoyed White's were Princess Margaret, the Earl and Countess of Hardwicke, Earl and Countess Cathcart, the Hon. Neville and Mrs. Berry, who had M. and Mme. Marcel Boussac lunching with them here on Gold Cup day (I saw the Boussacs lunching with Lord Willoughby de Broke and Lord Howard de Walden in the Cavalry Club tent the following day), the Duchess of Argyll, Capt. and Mrs. Gordon Kirkpatrick, Sir Nigel and Lady Mordaunt, the latter very pretty in a deep pink silk suit, Miss Merle Oberon all in white, Cdr. and the Hon. Mrs. Ekyn, Capt. and Mrs. Charles Tremayne, Sir Horace and Lady Evans, Major and the Hon. Mrs. George Sheffield, the Hon. Michael Portman

[Continued overleaf]



## A CITY WEDDING

MR. PATRICK FORRESTER AGAR married Miss Susannah Bodley Scott at St. Bartholomews the Great recently. Above: The bride and bridegroom with Miss Jean Bodley Scott and Miss Susan Bolton, who were the bridesmaids

*Katharine and William Bodley Scott, bridal attendants*

*Miss Susan Johnstone and Miss Monica Smyth*



*Miss Carol Bailey, Miss Jane Russell Cargill, Mr. Richard May*



*Mrs. Gow, Mr. David Gow and Mrs. Benjamin Groves*





*MISS DAPHNE FAIRBANKS is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks; her coming-out dance at Cliveden, held during Ascot Week, was attended by the Queen and other members of the Royal Family*

Betty Swache

and his débutante daughter Suna, Mr. and Mrs. Vian and her débutante daughter Lady Elizabeth Stopford, Major Herbert Holt, Col. and Mrs. Douglas Forster, and the Hon. Peter and Mrs. Ward.

Others racing at this memorable Royal Ascot included Major-Gen. David Dawnay, the new Clerk of the Course, the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, the Marquess and Marchioness of Blandford, the Earl and Countess of Scarbrough, Lord and Lady Cornwallis, that charming couple Lord and Lady George Cholmondeley, the Hon. Katharine Smith and Lord Plunket, who were both with the Royal party, Earl and Countess St. Aldwyn, Sir Trustram and Lady Eve, Lady Ann Elliot, Mrs. Peto Bennett and her granddaughter Anne, Mrs. Andrew Holt, Col. and the Hon. Mrs. Innes, Major-Gen. and Mrs. Heyman and their débutante twin daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Raphael, Admiral the Hon. Sir Cyril and Lady Douglas-Pennant, Col. and Mrs. Basil Jackson, Lady Marks, Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke, Mr. Alan Lillingstone, the Earl of Harrington over from Ireland, as were the Earl and Countess of Rosse, Lady Juliet Fitzwilliam, Capt. and Mrs. Peter Fitzgerald, the Earl and Countess of Fingall, Capt. and Mrs. Darby Rogers, and Major Cyril Hall who manages the Aga Khan's studs.

Also I saw Lord Ashcombe, Lady (Nicholas) Cayzer, Lord and Lady Irwin, Lady Helen Vivian Smith and her attractive débutante daughter Miss Elizabeth Vivian Smith, who has inherited the family love of horses, Lady Naylor-Leyland, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mackle, the latter in a golden brown silk suit and paradise plume trimmed hat to match, Lord and Lady Ennisdale, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Edward Studd, the Hon. William and Mrs. Watson-Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. Terence Maxwell, Mr. and Mrs. "Boy" Pilkington, Lt.-Gen. Sir Colin and Lady Barber, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Benton Jones, the Earl of Carnarvon, Mrs. Bea Moresby and her sister Mrs. Dupain over from Sydney, Australia, and Mrs. Usher and her daughter from Sansalito, California.

ON Gold Cup day we went on after racing to watch the polo on Smith's Lawn, Windsor Great Park. The first match, a fast and exciting game, resulted in a victory for Windsor Park (for whom Prince Philip was playing back) over Polo Cottage by four goals to three and a half. Watching this game were the Queen and members of her house party, the Earl of Rosebery, who arrived in time to see a pony he had bred being played in the game, the Earl and Countess of Rocksavage, Capt. John and Lady Rose Macdonald-Buchanan, Brig. and Mrs. Ronnie Johnston, Col. and Mrs. Ivo Reid, and Miss Gypsy Lawrence with Mr. and Mrs. George Gibson and many more who had also been racing. Much to everyone's joy there were good polo matches to see here every evening after racing, and also on the Saturday and Sunday afternoon, as there are every weekend until the end of the season.

Besides the ball at Cliveden about which I have already written, there were many other social activities each evening. On the Tuesday evening, the Colonel and officers of the Grenadier Guards gave a cocktail party. On the following evening Sir Adrian Jarvis gave a cocktail party at Admiral's Walk, and Mr. Norman Hartnell at his enchanting Windsor Forest home Lovel Dene. Here I met the Countess of Portarlington, Mrs. Kenneth Thornton who has an enchanting house next door, the Earl of Hardwicke, the Hon. Mrs. Randle Plunkett, Mr. and Mrs. Kerman, Col. and Mrs. Reynolds-Veitch, Major and Mrs. Chieseman, Ann Lady Orr-Lewis, Mrs. Jean Garland, Miss Marianne Davis, Mrs. Diana Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickson, the Hon. John and Mrs. Coventry and Lady Jane Heaton, who arrived with Mrs. Tufnell and Mr. Timothy Tufnell just as I was leaving. The Hon. Julian and Mrs. Berry gave a small party with dancing at their Hampshire home. The same evening there was the Guards' Boat Club Ball at Maidenhead, and the following evening the Queen and Prince Philip had their big theatre-party in Windsor.

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MRS. BASIL LINDSAY-FYNN and Mrs. John Hall were also fortunate in having a warm, fine night for the dance they gave jointly for their daughters Miss Caroline Lindsay-Fynn and Miss Felicity Ann Hall. This took place in the Lindsay-Fynns' charming house in Regent's Park where a marquee had been built in the garden; lined with yellow and white muslin and decorated with masses of white marguerites, half was used for dancing and the other half for sitting out with chairs and little tables. The side of the marquee was open and many young guests danced on the lawn. There was an excellent cabaret and a barbecue in the garden. Mr. Lindsay-Fynn and Mr. John Hall, M.P., were both present and among older friends, many of whom had given dinner parties, I saw Lady Plender sitting with Mrs. Murray and Air Marshal Lord Newall and Lady Newall, also Brig. and Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower, Sir William and Lady Arbuthnot Lane, the Hon. Hugh and Mrs. Lawson-Johnston, Mr. Isaac and the Hon. Mrs. Pitman, the Rev. William C. Rose who christened Caroline, and who was in tremendous form, Brig. and Mrs. G. P. S. Macpherson, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Robinson, and Archdeacon and Mrs. Mathews. Caroline chose a blue cotton evening dress, and Felicity Ann looked most attractive in pale blue and brown satin.

Among the many young people enjoying this dance were Miss Tessa Milne in a white net crinoline with an embroidered red spot which she told me she had made herself, Miss Lorna Lyle in red brocade, Miss Elisabeth Grimston, Lady Caroline Giffard, Miss Priscilla Thwaites, Mr. Christopher Prebensen, son of the Norwegian Ambassador, who is staying over here with his parents until the end of this month, Lord Oxmantown, Mr. Thomas Cosgrave and Mr. Tommy Hustler.

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I HAD a very enjoyable evening at the annual dinner of the International Lawn Tennis Club of Great Britain, held at the Royal Automobile Club. This always takes place on the eve of the All England Lawn Tennis Championships at Wimbledon, which end next Saturday. Lord Iliffe presided and received the guests with Lady Iliffe, who looked charming in a black evening dress. As Lord Iliffe remarked in his brief speech, there was a bigger gathering than ever



*Mr. Julian Proctor, Mr. Chris Prebensen, Miss Tania Tiarks and Miss Francesca Roberti in the garden*



at this year's dinner, and they included twenty Wimbledon champions, past and present! Among these were the Australian player Mr. Lew Hoad the holder, who may well win the men's singles championship again this week, that grand personality Mr. Frank Riseley a champion at Wimbledon in 1902 (incidentally he celebrates his eightieth birthday next Saturday, July 6), another great Australian player Sir Norman Brooks, and the two brilliant American lady players, Miss Louise Brough, who has won the ladies' singles championship at Wimbledon four times, and the veteran Miss Ryan, who won nineteen British championships at Wimbledon but never the ladies' singles.

None of the three leading British players, Miss Angela Mortimer, Miss Angela Buxton or Miss Shirley Bloomer, were at the dinner, but I met the eighteen-year-old American girl champion Miss Mimi Arnold, who had just won the ladies' singles of the London Grass Court championships at Queen's Club.

An interesting lawn tennis playing couple present were South African Mr. Trevor Fancutt and his Australian bride, who before her marriage two weeks ago was Miss Daphne Sweeny, a women's doubles finalist at Wimbledon last year. They are having a tennis playing honeymoon and both competed at Queen's Club where Trevor Fancutt reached the semi-final, beating "Mal" Anderson of Australia, and his wife caused a sensation by defeating Louise Brough. I also met American Mr. Vic Seixas and his pretty wife; he had just come from playing with his fellow countryman Mr. "Ham" Richardson in the men's finals at Queen's, where they divided the match when rain stopped play with the score at one set all.

Others at the dinner included Dr. J. C. Gregory, who is chairman of the All England Club and his wife, Sir Charles and Lady Norton—he is Mayor of Westminster, and chairman of Hurlingham Club where many of the players were playing exhibition sets next day—Sir John Smyth, V.C., and Lady Smyth, very attractive in beige chiffon, Mr. and Mrs. Montagu Temple, Mrs. Satterthwaite in pale pink tulle, Mr. Nigel Sharpe, Mr. and Mrs. Drew, Mr. and Mrs. "Buster" Andrews, Col. and Mrs. Kingscote and the Peter Pan of lawn tennis, M. Jean Borotra, the great French player, twice winner of the Championship in the twenties who was in scintillating form and looked younger than ever.

Two days later H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, President of the All England Lawn Tennis Club, was at Wimbledon for the opening of the Lawn Tennis championships, and has since been there watching the games from the Centre Court on many occasions. The Queen is going to be present for the first time next Saturday, July 6, to watch the finals.

The opening match, which was just finished when rain stopped play for some time, saw the Australian Lew Hoad defeat the French player P. Darmon in three straight sets. Dr. J. C. Gregory, chairman of the club, and the Duke of Devonshire escorted the players on to the court, then returned to the Royal Box. Others watching the matches from here included Lady Greig, widow of Sir Louis Greig, who was a great Wimbledon personality, Earl Jowitt and Viscount Templewood, all three Vice-Presidents, Mr. Charles Butler, Mrs. William Pilkington, Mrs. Constance Wadham, Mrs. Kenneth Kemble and Mr. Hardy Amies.

In our issue of May 22, a photograph of a child competitor at the Royal Windsor Horse Show was captioned "Angela Paul Henley." This should have read, "Angela Paull, of Henley." We much regret this error.



## A MIDSUMMER NIGHT

TWO DEBUTANTES, Miss Felicity Ann Hall and Miss Caroline Lindsay-Fynn, and their mothers, Mrs. Basil Lindsay-Fynn and Mrs. John Hall (above), gave a most enjoyable dance at 16 Sussex Place



Van Hallan

Mr. David Buchan and Miss Bridget Hibbert at the barbecue, a feature of this excellent party



Miss Margaret Ann Gordon and Mr. Stephen Drysdale



Mr. Donald Blagden and Miss Maya Whittall dancing



# CORDES-IN-THE-HEAVENS

AUDREY VIVIEN DAVIS writes of the charm of a French town little changed since the thirteenth century. A wimpled angel (right) is one of the strange gargoyles on a Gothic house



The Gothic Maison du Grand Fauconnier, once the house of the Chief Falconer, now the mayor's office

The view leaving Cordes by the Porte des Ormeaux road to join the main Montauban-Albi road



A. V. Davis

NO house has been built in Cordes-sur-Ciel for at least a hundred years. No repairs can be carried out and no nail knocked in without permission from the Beaux Arts, Paris. The whole town is a *monument classée*.

It was laid out in 1222 as a triple walled *bastide* on the summit of an isolated hill between Albi and Montauban. Today, the massive grey ramparts and old entrance gates are still intact. The Pater Noster staircase still leads up to the ancient *Porte d'Horloge*; the narrow spiralling road still runs up to the *Porte des Ormeaux*.

From the *rue Chaude* or the *Terrasse de la Bride* one looks down on an aerial landscape of gentle hills, a patchwork of green fields and hedges, rows of poplars, white cottages with weathered brown tiles, peach orchards, vineyards. In all directions the views are breathtaking.

In the cobbled *rue Droite*, many of the houses are genuine Gothic, former mansions of rich merchants and noblemen.

The mayor's office is in the *Maison du Grand Fauconnier*, its rich façade adorned with statues of hounds and falcons. A few yards away is the *Maison du Grand Veneur*—hunter—its pointed windows appropriately embellished. But the most curious carvings and gargoyles are to be seen on the *Maison du Grand Ecuyer*—steward.

In spite of its great age, Cordes is a happy place, open to the sky, to the sunshine and the singing birds. It is calm and quiet—except on Thursday, market day—and to spend a holiday there is to step back into history.

People speak of Count Raymond VII of Toulouse as if he were still alive—an absentee landlord rather than the founder of the town. They mention the religious persecutions of the thirteenth century as if they were recent happenings. And certainly the stories of torturings and imprisonments, forced confessions and recantations have an oddly contemporary ring.

No visitor fails to hear the tale of the two Holy Inquisitors who were sent into the town by the Bishop of Albi to stamp out heresy. They burned ten men of Cordes at the stake and as a result found themselves at the bottom of a 100-metre well. The *Vieux Puits* is still there, empty of water, in the market place opposite the *Maison du Grand Fauconnier*. Above it hangs an iron cross which the Pope commanded the *Cordais* to erect in expiation of the murder of the two Inquisitors.

Cordes is not a souvenir hunter's paradise like Rocamadour nor a tourist's Mecca like Carcassonne. People come and go, usually by car. The bus service with Albi and Montauban is infrequent; the nearest railway station is at the hamlet of Vindrac two miles away, reached by taxi or on foot through enchanting country lanes. Few people actually stay in Cordes. There are only two hotels: the *Cabrit* on the main road at the foot of the hill, and the *Hostellerie du Vieux Cordes* on the top—noted for its chicken with olives.

Next year, the *Maison du Grand Ecuyer* is to be opened as a luxury hotel; the ground floor alterations are already completed. The dining-room, bar and *salon* are furnished in impressive style with rough grey stone walls hung with tapestry, dark blue felt tablecloths, rush seats, and the chains from the *Vieux Puits* used as an electric light fitting over the central staircase. Madame Calvalié, the young hostess and decorator, intends to spend some months in collecting furniture for the bedrooms. Her great pride is *La Chambre Rouge* with scarlet walls and a huge white fireplace. On the top floor, a long upper room is to be made into small bedrooms and a glass-walled observation terrace built on to a flat roof at the back of the house.

She hopes to cater for visitors during the mild winter. There will be no difficulty in filling the hotel in springtime when the fruit trees are in blossom, nor in the autumn when the grapes are gathered and made into *vin blanc* and great dessert clusters hang on the trellised vines. As for the summer, it is then that the countryside is at its best. And there is no more perfect escape spot than Cordes-sur-Ciel. Heavenly Cordes.





## SPEECH DAY AT HARROW

HARROVIANS past and present and their parents spent the school's Speech Day in a round of activities. The day's events included the traditional speeches, an art exhibition, a cricket match and swimming races (above)

Mr. J. B. Morgan, Mr. Richards,  
J. A. Richards and Mrs. Richards

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Speelman  
with Mr. H. F. G. Carey



Van Hallan

Jeremy Moray, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Moray and  
Charles Moray watching the swimming



Miss Patricia Wightman with  
her brother, Alan Wightman

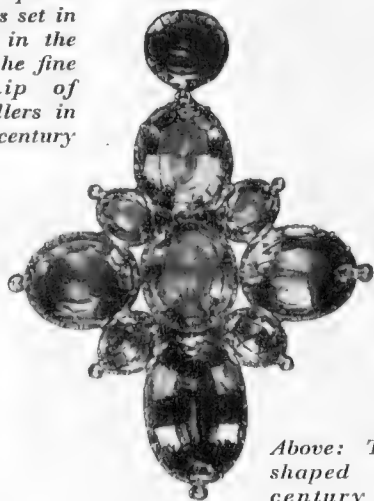


Mr. G. C. Rivington and Mrs. F. L.  
James, the headmaster's wife





Above: This floral spray is composed of paste stones set in silver, made in the tradition of the fine craftsmanship of English jewellers in the 18th century



Above: This cross-shaped eighteenth century pendant brooch is claw set in gold. The pendant ear-rings (below) are of exceptionally delicate and fine workmanship and were made by either French or English craftsmen in the eighteenth century



A delicate eighteenth century paste brooch set in silver

## PASTE GETS PROMOTION

*ERNLE BRADFORD describes the history of paste jewellery from the time of the Pharaohs to the present day, when fine old pieces fetch high prices*

PASTE, most popular of all substitutes for true gem-stones, is no twentieth century discovery. It is as old as civilization, and paste necklaces have been found in the tombs of the Pharaohs. One of the earliest references to paste is in the works of Herodotus, the Greek historian. It is a reference which may divert the modern woman as she clips on her paste-set ear-rings—for Herodotus tells us that the sacred crocodiles of the Egyptians wore ear-rings set with paste stones!

What is paste and how did it get its name? Despite modern euphemisms such as "Rhinstone"—a term which should only be applied to the true Rhinestone, a colourless quartz—paste is no more than glass. Usually it is a flint or lead glass, a little harder than window glass, but it can still be scratched easily and should accordingly be treated with care. Its name derives from the Italian *pasta* (pastry); a term which was bestowed upon it by Italian jewellers in allusion to its softness in comparison with real gem stones. An alternative name which is sometimes applied to paste by jewellers is "Strass." This refers to Josef Strass, an eighteenth century Venetian who is commonly credited with having discovered the best formula for diamond paste. It is eighteenth century paste of the "Strass" type which is most likely to interest the modern woman or the collector of antique jewellery.

But the history of paste in England does not start with the eighteenth century. Even before the Romans had landed in this island, Phoenician traders were bargaining on the Cornish coast for hides and tin with the aid of green, dark blue and white paste stones. It is more than likely that the first true, or civilized, piece of jewellery ever worn in England was made of paste.

THE Romans, of course, introduced paste jewellery in considerable quantity. It is an odd reflection that, just as the nineteenth century Englishman bought the friendship of African tribes with glass beads, so the Roman once dangled paste necklaces and bracelets before our ancestors' astonished eyes. Even after the withdrawal of the Romans the art of paste-making was preserved in Britain. It survived the Middle Ages, and many of the well-known medieval pieces in our museums contain paste stones. It is likely that, could they all be analysed, it would be found that many more "stones" are paste than has ever been suspected, human credulity being what it is.

But the paste which interests the collector is naturally that which dates from the eighteenth century—naturally, because it is of the finest quality, and because more of it survives than from any other period. One reason why the paste-set pieces of this century are so attractive is that they are usually most skilfully set, in direct imitation of precious, gem-set jewellery. Unlike most of today's paste jewellery, that dating from the eighteenth century is the product of hand-craftsmanship. In a typical modern brooch, for instance, the paste stones are held in place by jeweller's cement. In an eighteenth century piece on the other hand the pastes will be set in highest grade silver, each stone individually mounted and held just as if it were a diamond. Except that paste is used instead of diamonds, there is practically no difference in the quality and workmanship of an eighteenth century diamond brooch and a paste brooch of the same period.

A considerable quantity of eighteenth century paste has survived, and—although its value is very properly assessed nowadays—it is not difficult to find attractive pieces on the market. The reason why there is still quite a lot of paste available



is that its very cheapness has protected it over the centuries. Whereas a diamond necklace made in the 1750s may have been broken up and reset two or three times by now, a paste necklace will still be in its original condition, because it has not been worth the expense of resetting. Quite apart from this, so many articles set with paste were made in the eighteenth century that it would be surprising if a good many of them had not survived.

The manufacture of so large a quantity of jewellery during this century was partly due to changed social conditions. A new and prosperous middle class in Britain inevitably created a demand for articles which previously had been confined to the upper classes alone. If the courtier or his lady would have:—

A sapphire bodkin for the hair  
Or sparkling facet diamonds there,

then his tradesman, if he could not afford diamonds, would at least have paste—and good paste at that.

Further impetus to the manufacture of this imitation jewellery was provided by the general uncertainty of travel upon His Majesty's roads. A journey between one town and another was often a hazardous undertaking, and numerous accounts tell us of the activities of highwaymen and cut-purses. The wise man and woman, then, left their valuables at home and travelled as lightly as possible. But the fact remained that it was a decorative age, and many of the travellers would be on their way to and from towns and entertainments where jewellery was a necessity. It was here that paste played its part. Ear-rings, shoe buckles, necklaces and bracelets—all could be attractively counterfeited. Their loss, if the traveller were robbed, would be small compared to the loss of diamonds.

SOME maintain that it was the improvements in glass-making techniques during the 18th century which led to the production of so many fine paste-set pieces. This is putting the cart before the horse. The real reason—quite apart from social and economic factors—was the change in gem-set jewellery fashions. A general improvement in gem-cutting methods had led to the gemstone being accorded pride of place in jewellery during this century, rather than—as before—the emphasis being on gold-work and enamelling. It was the overriding popularity of the diamond and the faceted gemstone that created a demand for a popular substitute and imitation. Once the demand existed the ingenuity of the glass-makers was ready to meet it. The discoveries of Strass on the Continent, and of Ravenscroft in England, were paralleled by many humbler glass-makers of Bristol and Uttoxeter whose names have gone unrecorded.

The "soft, smoky hue" of eighteenth century paste is often praised—sometimes for the wrong reasons. This soft quality is not due to some secret of the pastemaker. (We know, and can imitate, all his formulae.) It is the result of time, not of art, for these early pastes have lost some of their polish over the years. They have, furthermore, been discoloured by the sulphur in the smoke of our modern cities. Many pastes also, particularly those set in *pave* or rub-over settings, were backed with foils to enhance their brilliance. These foils have also become discoloured over the years.

One word of warning for the enthusiast—always deal with a reputable jeweller, and do not expect to pick up eighteenth century pieces for a few shillings. Its value nowadays is well known, and even the expert with plenty of time on his hands is unlikely to stumble across an eighteenth century necklace on a junk stall. Though it has been done. . . .

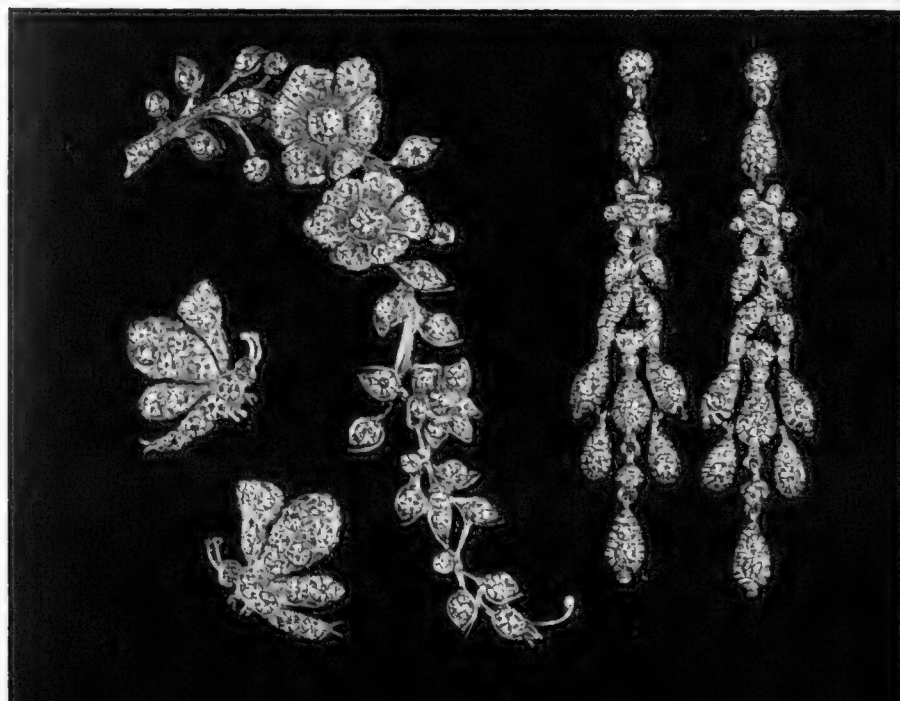


*This elegant silver floral brooch is of modern workmanship, but follows an eighteenth century pattern, as can be seen from its delicacy and graceful line*



*This spray brooch is set with coloured and diamond pastes in silver, in an unusual formal design of different flowers and leaves set in a cornucopia-like holder*

*Below: These very fine modern English copies of antique paste are hand-set in silver in the eighteenth century manner. Below left: Two brooches and an earclip, modern copies of old French designs, also hand-set. All from a range at Wilson & Gill*







T. E. B. CLARKE, who writes for Roundabout this week from the rarefied atmosphere of Hollywood, is the Oscar-winning author of *The Lavender Hill Mob* and many other famous British films. He is now preparing the script of *Gideon's Day*, a film about a day's work in the Flying Squad of Scotland Yard, which will be made in London with John Ford as Director and Jack Hawkins as the star

## Roundabout

# THE CELLULOID COAST

**T. E. B. Clarke**

HOLLYWOOD.—“June is no month to be here,” they said. “It’s cold and wet.”

Since the exigencies of a script compelled me to put on a bold front and declare I would rough it, here I am despite the warnings of those Californians who must of course know best.

In the last three weeks we’ve had one sharp shower around midnight, and twice the thermometer has failed to top 70 degrees. “What did we tell you?” they are saying to me now. “Cold and wet!”

I rate this a despairing effort to prove that Southern California has seasons—though in fact, I am told by British exiles of longer standing, there has been no climatical change worth noting since I was last here at the height of our own grim 1955-56 winter.

Spring, summer, fall and winter are meaningless terms on this coast; and I think the natives are self-consciously aware that there is something rather indecent about time which can only be measured by the advent of a fresh chin or an increased outlay on wrinkle-removers.

ONE of those British exiles—director Alexander Mackendrick, who arrived fifteen months ago—was joined here by his wife a few weeks later. “Give me a nudge,” he enjoined her, “as soon as you see any sign that I am ‘going Hollywood.’”

Sandy received his first nudge when he closed a script one evening and got up saying: “I think I’ll go for a stroll. Mind if I take your car?”

But then Sandy of course is a Scot. Only mad dogs and Englishmen think of going for a real walk here at any time of day. Such eccentricity becomes even dangerous after dark, when a man with no means of support other than his own two legs is likely to be booked by the cops as a suspicious character.

It happened recently to another visiting director of my acquaintance, who explained when apprehended that he was on his way to play chess with Joe Ferrer. “Yeah?” said the cop. “That’s funny, ‘cause I just been playing gin rummy with Marilyn Monroe.”

He was driven by police car to his hotel and ordered to produce his passport before being reluctantly dismissed as “plain nuts.”

NEVERTHELESS, I boldly persevere with my British habit of taking a half-hour stroll each day, and very illuminating it can prove.

These I have seen in the course of my perilous perambulations:

A nun in the playground of a Catholic school twirling a baton for the edification of budding drum-majorettes in red cockaded helmets.

A savage-looking man in a baseball cap mastering the art of cracking a stock-whip in the grounds of an apartment house.

Somebody’s fully-furnished home being jacked up on to trolleys in its entirety, presumably for removal to another neighbourhood.

A headline in a newspaper on display—“L.A. Woman Repels Seminude Attacker”—which evoked a startling mental picture of fresh trouble with the Indians, until I realized that the adjective was spelt without its usual hyphen.

DID I say “usual”? The word should, of course, be “regular”—perhaps the hardest-worked adjective in the American language.

Anything of the old order is “regular”—cigarettes which are not king-size, coffee as drunk before the espresso machines arrived. And the “regular guy”? Not merely a nice fellow, as I used to think, but a far more praiseworthy figure; a conventional man—one without any semblance of “offbeat” characteristics—the norm.



A GALA PERFORMANCE of *Albert Herring* was presented during the recent Aldeburgh Festival of Music and the Arts. Peter Pears and Joan Cross (above) sang the roles of Albert and Lady Billows

Ian Graham





## OTHER TIMES, OTHER MANNERS

He called her "Jane"! Miss Smithers blushed, and prettily she pouted. The dowagers missed nothing, and her modesty they doubted. She'd danced three times with "that young Jones," her reputation shattered, So now a matrimonial date was really all that mattered.

Her granddaughter brings boy-friends home—"Mum, this is Charles!" or "Billy." "His surname, dear?" "Haven't a clue. Mummy, don't be so silly, I only met him yesterday at a roadhouse dance near Pinner. He tangoes like an angel. And can he stay to dinner?"

—Margot Crosse

Today I saw a waiter sent back to the bar with a customer's dry martini. "Said he ordered it extra dry."

"That's right," agreed the barman, "and that's how I mixed it. Okay, now he's going to get it regular—and like it." He did.

WORKING as I am with John Ford, pre-eminent maker of Western pictures, I have at last got the reassuring answer to a question I have been intending for years to put to an authority: namely, how often are horses killed or injured in the screening of Cowboy-Indian epics?

Ford replied in one word—"Never," adding: "I've made forty Westerns, and no horse used in any of them has received even a scratch."

The horses which perform those spectacular falls are trained to crash at full gallop in response to a tap on the shoulder. The equine aristocrats of the film world, they are kept apart from the "regular" horses in much the same way as a star is isolated from the extras—and a good falling horse is worth \$20,000 a year to his owner.

As if this were not enough to ensure kid-glove treatment, an official of the American S.P.C.A. has always to be present when a horse is slated for a fall; and if he fails to recognize the animal, he will insist on seeing a rehearsal before the scene is shot.

Western star John Wayne was present to lend confirmation of these facts. "After a première in London recently," said Wayne, "I was asked to reassure the Duchess of Gloucester that there were positively no casualties after a spectacular shot in which sixteen horses fell almost simultaneously."

"If we'd shown that scene before it was cut, the audience would have seen all sixteen getting up promptly and looking round for applause."

"They always do," chuckled Ford. "That's the one and only reason we never can hold a fall shot."

Still on horses: I naturally had to miss Ascot this year—to me something of a tragedy; but an afternoon spent at Hollywood Park produced at least a couple of wonders missing from the Royal meeting.

The sight of 30,000 parked cars—and cars of transatlantic size at that—is one beyond most powers of imagination. (It may interest somebody to know that the predominant colour in that vast kaleidoscopic sea is pale blue.) If you aren't important enough to have your Cadillac brought to you by a car valet at the end of the day, a bus will take you to it—for free.

BUT Hollywood Park's prime speciality is the Goose Girl: a lovely straight out of pantomime, who spends the afternoon tending her flock round the sides of a wooded lake in the middle of the track. (Where the beer tents are at Ascot and Epsom.)

The Goose Girl is presented daily to the crowd from the winner's enclosure—situated in front of the stands—before racing begins. I wish the Duke of Norfolk would provide Royal Ascot with a Goose Girl, if only to hear the comments of the bookies I sadly missed here.

Not surprisingly, baseball is the sport one sees most frequently on the TV screens. But what I personally find quite astonishing is the ball game topic of the moment: the likelihood of the Brooklyn Dodgers moving west to Los Angeles, and the New York Giants re-settling in San Francisco—in which event, it's said, the Pittsburgh team may emigrate to New York.

I have been trying unsuccessfully to imagine Glamorgan taking up residence at Lord's, or Surrey quitting the Oval to settle permanently in Lancashire.

IN conclusion, an "overheard" which I swear I picked up at the bar of the Beverly Hills Hotel:

"Owning an oil-well isn't easy. People have no idea of the trouble it brings."



BRIGGS

by Graham





*Mr. W. Holden White with H.H. the Maharajah of Jaipur, captain of Polo Cottage*

## POLO AT WINDSOR

THE Queen was present for the Smith's Lawn Cup and the Inter-Varsity match finals which completed the Ascot Week polo tournament at Windsor. Her Majesty also presented the trophies to the Polo Cottage and Cambridge captains



*Mr. A. B. T. Davey, captain of Cambridge, and Mr. C. A. R. Lockhart, Oxford captain*



*Her Majesty presents the Inter-Varsity cup to Mr. A. B. T. Davey, whose team won four to two*

*Miss Ann D'Arcy-Smith and the Hon. Michael Spring-Rice were keen spectators*



*Miss Marina Kennedy and Miss Jessica Wilson*



*Miss C. Lockhart and Miss Belinda Loyd*



*Miss C. Cardona, Miss E. Garces and Miss C. Vidal-Quadras watch a chukka in progress*

*Desmond O'Neill*





# HURLINGHAM TENNIS

EXHIBITION matches by international stars were given at the garden party held by the I.L.T.C. at Hurlingham to welcome players for the Wimbledon fortnight



*Miss Gloria Butler and Mr. Gardner Mulloy, the leading United States player*

*Miss Shirley Bloomer, the British player, wore a "cherry ripe" outfit*



*Miss Diane Clare, a spectator, charmingly expressed the sunny spirit of the afternoon*



*The Hon. Michael Morris and Miss Susan Hammer*



*Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Dearman with Michael and Judy*

*Mr. Mike Davis (U.K.) and Fraulein I. Buding (Germany)*

*Mr. Lew Hoad signs his autograph for Elizabeth Bywaters*





## Priscilla in Paris

# MUSICAL CHAIRS

IT was almost noon, I had taken the dawg for its morning walk on the quays of the Seine, which is about the only place in Paris where dogs are allowed really to run free. We rose to the surface—in a manner of writing—at the Alexandra bridge and made for the boulevard St. Germain. As we passed the tradesmen's (?) entrance to the National Assembly an elderly woman emerged. From her neat coiffure to her folded overall in a tidy, string bag she personified that invaluable and almost extinct worker: the lady of the mop and pail. She stopped for a moment to exchange *le bonjour* with the agent-of-police on duty.

At the same moment the dawg decided to loiter. I decided to listen! The lady gave voice to an old joke: "Governments come and governments go," she chuckled, "but I sweep on for ever!" The *agent* smiled politely and suggested: "One hopes, *la petite mère*, that this time we have someone who knows how to use the broom as well as you do" . . . and on this happy pronouncement we all moved on.

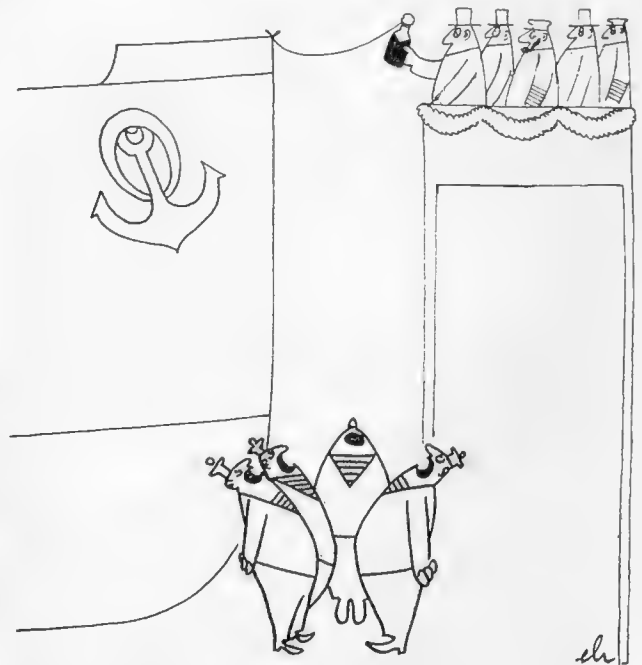
THUS I report an echo of the *Vox populi*, for I understand nothing about the changeful politics of this lovely country. However, it is pleasant to read the fine record of M. Maurice Bourguès-Maunoury who, after having been minister a dozen times already is now (it is important to add: "at time of writing") Premier at the age of forty-two years and ten months. If France sticks to her changeful ways he will have many occasions to add to his laurels. Meanwhile, we hope that he will stay put for a while but, as Josephine says, "no one can bring down the price of *le bifstek*," and, my garagist adds: "of petrol." There is, of course, rather more to it than this and one doubts, alas, whether the wise man exists brave enough to point out a way to salvation that the good people of France will have the patience and courage to follow.

Now is the time of year when the more frivolous theatres of Paris put on what one may call "Strip-tease programmes." This being the fallacious conception of how to entertain foreign and provincial visitors. At the charming little comfit-box theatre known as the Potinière, of which Martine de Breteuil—in private life: the marquise de Breteuil—is actress-manageress,



A LITTLE BOY and a red balloon on a rainy day in Paris, a still from Albert Lamorisse's film "The Red Balloon," now published as a story with photographs (Allen & Unwin, 12s. 6d.)

GAUGUIN'S "Still Life With Apples" was bought by Mr. Basil Peter Goulandris of New York for £104,000 when the collection of the late Mr. Thompson Biddle was sold in Paris recently







there is a revue played by excellent artists as well as a discreetly lighted display of frockless fairies.

One of these ladies is accompanied by a well-trained python of considerable size, who turns the exhibition into quite a dressy affair, but the highlight of the entertainment (to quote André Rivollet) is when *madame la marquise* herself emerges from a bathtub like Truth from the Well.

ONLY readers who may have had French grandmamas with a fondness for the dark and gooey sort of chocolate one finds at a certain shop towards the more populous part of the *grands boulevards* will understand why I was passing the Rex cinema latish one afternoon last week. The Rex is a picture house that goes in for what its space lads call "daring innovations." Smoking is one of them. Before the war one smoked in all the Paris cinemas, but when the Germans walked in on us, smoking became *verboten*. Strangely, it has remained so except at the Rex, where the auditorium has been "climatized," which, apparently, does away with tobacco smog. This was daring-innovation-number-one.

I remembered that I had received a card inviting me to a cocktail there. Crowds were slowly entering at the main door, and outside, among the cars parked *en bataille*, was a chauffeur wearing the tricolor cockade. This looked rather serious. When top-hatted, morning-coated, striped-panted personages attend cocktail parties anything may be expected. Donning the slightly snooty expression that these occasions demand I joined the throng. There was the usual quorum of stage and screen stars wearing sun-glasses though the day was dull; there were palms-in-pots and there were also all the usual Tout-Parisianites.

TOWERING head, and almost shoulders, above the crowd we recognized a well-known whimsical countenance with eyes that seem to crinkle with shyness when their owner smiles. Spontaneous applause burst out. It was Gary Cooper. A space was cleared, the Official Guest said some Official words, Gary cut the ribbon that was stretched above the first step of a moving staircase. It began to move in the blind, treadmill way of all good escalators. . . . Cheers and applause! We then came to a sensational buffet where we toasted the Official Personage, Gary, ourselves and the Daring Innovation.

The innovation is a very nice and useful innovation but the buffet was a super-production.

### Les fleurs du mal

- Auntie takes a small niece to a restaurant: "Now, darling, what would you like?"—"Something that's bad for me!"



THE PRIX DU JOCKEY CLUB, the French Derby, was won at Chantilly by Amber, owned by Mme. Andre Mariotti and ridden by Garcia (above). Prince Sadruddin Aga Khan and his fiancée Miss Nina Dyer (below) were among the racegoers







### At the Theatre

## DANGER ON THE (TELEPHONE) LINE

"IT'S THE GEOGRAPHY THAT COUNTS" (St. James's). The conscience-ridden James (John Stratton) under heavy police fire from Inspector Parker (Liam Redmond) draws scant comfort from the only slightly strained calm of his brother (John Gregson). Below, Mercia (Jane Griffiths), whose self-possession frays away as she senses the drift of the inquiries



THE leading dramatis personae of *It's The Geography That Counts*, at the St. James's, are two sets of contradictory facts. This sounds terribly dull, but isn't. So forcefully are the rival facts stated that I, who have nothing like a card-index mind, found the clash as rivetingly dramatic as any clash of human personalities.

It all begins with two brothers who dislike each other, concocting a story that the police will swallow that will make it seem impossible that one of them was involved in a fatal road accident near Newcastle the night before. The brother played by Mr. John Gregson is a professional racing driver, hard, cool and quick to plaster over the cracks of the story that suggests itself. He makes no concealment of his contempt for his nerveless brother, but he is willing to do his best for him in the unlucky circumstances. The nerveless brother is extremely well played by Mr. John Stratton. The fellow literally sweats with fear, which probably is as near as we shall ever get to the celebrated blush which Duse achieved in *Magda*.

When the Yard arrives in the person of the blandly perceptive Mr. Liam Redmond, the neurotic brother commits himself with a few harmless blunders, but on the whole plausibly to the concocted story. The really important point is that he should have made a midnight telephone call to his brother who was staying with their mother in Cornwall. All the action, as you see, has already taken place. We are occupied during the whole of the first act patiently collecting facts only to learn as the curtain falls that they are the wrong facts. The man supposed to have been killed outside Newcastle was only slightly injured, and Mr. Redmond placidly charges the neurotic with having murdered his mother in Cornwall.

A PLAY that we have been led to regard as a tangled whodunit transforms itself suddenly into the attempt of an accomplished liar to get his brother hanged for a particularly beastly murder, which is his own work. Unfairly, as it seems to me, it has been complained that there is too little action and too much talk in this play. There is no physical action to speak of, but once the purpose of the story which we have heard concocted is made clear, there is surely plenty of true dramatic action in the working of a well deliberated plot against an innocent man's life. The detective may wonder a little if he has, after all, got the right man, but unless he can put his finger on the single destructive improbability in the facts as he has them, it is all Lombard Street to a china orange that the prisoner will swing.

Mr. Raymond Bowers not only marshals his facts well, but he makes clever use of Miss Jane Griffiths, as the sweetly mannered little mistress who is as hard as any facts. A time comes when she holds the lives of two men in her hands, but by then we can be pretty sure that she will act from fear rather than pity. So that the question whether she will do the right thing for the wrong reason is in doubt till the end. There is a fundamental flaw in the whole story, but that is something that if you are as simple-minded in these matters as myself, you will probably not perceive till the play is over; and by that time you will have been well enough entertained not to care.

Mr. Bowers asks very little of his actors, but what little there is to do is done extremely well. Mr. Gregson lies with calm efficiency and stands up unruffled to unusually intelligent cross-examination with a suavity effectively touched with self-confident insolence. Mr. Stratton makes an interesting study of the jittery brother. Mr. Redmond is effectively self-contained as the quizzically reflective detective and Miss Griffiths does, I think, promisingly well as the woman in the case. We are not meant to like any of the people involved; but like the facts they are put over forcefully and entertainingly.

—Anthony Cookman





Houston Rogers

## A breath of French air amid the apple-blossom

MURIEL PAVLOW, one of our most effective and appealing actresses, is to lead with Donald Sinden and Derek Farr (her husband) in a new comedy "Odd Man In," adapted from the French by Robin Maugham. It is set for British playgoers in a cottage in Kent. Henry Sherek presents it at the St. Martin's on July 16





Mr. Michael Brown, Miss Fiona McGregor, Miss Christine Brown and Mr. Peter Visman



Mr. Peter Marshall, Ball President, Miss Willow Hare, Mr. Peter Barbor and Miss Susan Jacob

## CAMBRIDGE CELEBRATES A MEMORABLE MAY WEEK

Mr. Ian Raitt and Miss Priscilla Thornburn setting off in a punt



Mr. Graeme McDonald and Miss Elizabeth Beerbohm in the "night-club"



The Hon. Sandra Monson and Mr. T. watching the dancing







*The  
TATLER  
and  
Bystander,  
JULY 3,  
1957  
23*

*Miss Jane Bore was here  
dancing a quick-step with  
Mr. Francis Walker*

*Tommy Kinsman, Mr. R.  
Trevelyn and Miss S.  
Fearnley-Whittingstall*



*Miss Susan Orbell partnered  
by Mr. Francis Madden*

*Mr. Edward Dexter and Miss  
Susan Longfield*

CLARE COLLEGE held its May Ball on a warm mid-summer evening. Striped awnings arched the paths through the old buildings, gardens on the Cam were hung with fairy-lights and many guests danced outside in a marquee on the lawn and watched the sun rise

Brown

*Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Stephenson at this very  
successful dance*



*Mr. Richard Crosthwaite and Miss Judith Nairn in the  
Junior Common Room*

Desmond O'Neill

*Mr. David Gillmore and Miss Margaret Green  
having supper on the lawn*





## At the Pictures

# A SCHOOLGIRL FINDS THE LOST ST. JOAN



PEDRO ARMENDARIZ AND MARIA FELIX in *La Escondida* ("The Hidden Woman"), the story of a Camille of the tropics, played out against the cactus-studded landscapes of a Mexico in the turmoil of revolution. It is directed by Roberto Gavaldon

ROD STEIGER does a little leisure photography on location in Utah during the production of Samuel Fuller's *Run Of The Arrow*, in which he stars with Sarita Montiel, Ralph Meeker and Brian Keith



MISS JEAN SEBERG, an unknown, totally inexperienced eighteen-year-old girl from Iowa plays the title rôle in *Saint Joan*—Mr. Otto Preminger's screen version of Mr. Bernard Shaw's splendid play. I have seen a dozen other actresses take the part on the stage—including Dame Sybil Thorndike (in the original London production in 1924), Mme. Ludmilla Pitoëff and a star of the Danish theatre, Frue Elsa Skouboe—and each one brought to it an authority which one could not possibly expect from Miss Seberg: the authority of a tried and practised artist. Yet. . .

Mr. Shaw was at pains to describe his St. Joan in detail. He saw her as "an able-bodied country girl . . . a hardy, managing type . . . a born boss" with "a handsome fighting chin" and a voice "bright, strong and rough." Miss Seberg is and has none of these things. She is slender, fragile: her face under her cropped hair is the soft face of a little boy, her voice is thin and light. But she has the essential and divine qualities of absolute innocence, simplicity and youth. Joan, says Mr. Shaw, "was only a girl in her teens"—and so, exactly, is Miss Seberg.

I was very much moved by her performance in the scene following the crowning of the Dauphin and in the tragic trial scene: in both one recognizes the purity of heart and immaturity of mind that make it impossible for her to understand the hatred of the courtiers and the subtleties of the churchmen. This is as it should be.

THE disaster of the film is Mr. Richard Widmark's performance as the Dauphin—who, though a weakling, was no fool: Mr. Widmark, mopping and mowing grotesquely, plays him as a half-wit. There are, on the other hand, glorious performances from a number of British actors, among them Mr. Richard Todd—a fine, soldierly Dunois, Sir John Gielgud—a magnificent Warwick, Mr. Felix Aylmer—a superb Inquisitor, and Mr. Bernard Miles—who fulfils the office of The Master Executioner ("it is a highly skilled mystery") with rugged dignity.

Mr. Graham Greene's screenplay is somewhat uneven and on occasion does far less than justice to the original work—and for some inexplicable reason Mr. Otto Preminger, directing, has thrown away the beautiful and intensely cinematic scene on the banks of the Loire where Dunois prays for a west wind to carry his troops to Orleans and, with the arrival of Joan the Maid, suddenly the pennon on a lance streams eastward, sending a shiver of authentic awe and wonderment down the spine of the observer, who cannot doubt that God has intervened. With such faults as it has, the film is still one that should most definitely be seen.

MR. GENE KELLY has produced, directed and stars in *The Happy Road*—a gay and charming film about two ten-year-old children who run away from a Swiss boarding-school. Master Bobby Clark as the small American boy and Mlle. Brigitte Fossey (last seen in *Les Jeux Interdits*) as the little French girl are enchanting and have no trouble at all in stealing the picture from their respective parents—Mr. Kelly, a widowed American businessman, and Miss Barbara Laage, a divorced Frenchwoman—who pursue them frantically from Switzerland to Paris.

Assisted by a horde of ingenious French children, who might have been trained by the Maquis, the two fugitives elude the vigilant police at key points along their route. British soldiers on manoeuvres and a kind but deaf-and-dumb giant of a peasant keep them one jump ahead of their pursuers.

The parents are delayed at every turn by would-be helpful persons—not least by a British general who, in a fruitless effort to round up the children, stages Operation Meatball which, he says darkly, "we did not intend using until the Red Army is actually in Trafalgar Square." Some people may regard Mr. Kelly's little joke at our expense as a trifle unnecessary—but nobody will deny that Mr. Michael Redgrave is extraordinarily funny as the baffled general.





Mr. Kelly takes a dig at the Americans, too: they worry too much about making money, he says, and should learn to relax as the French do—a remark that surely reflects a somewhat over-romanticized view of the French way of life. It's said that "good Americans, when they die, go to Paris": if they do, they may not find it all that Mr. Kelly cracks it up to be. But the film is fun, anyway.

A FRENCH film, *That Girl Elisa*, produced and directed by M. Richere, gives us Paris in the 1860s—a Paris far removed from Mr. Kelly's city of light. Mlle. Dany Carrel, as the daughter of a criminal mother, has been brought up in a reformatory. From there she drifts into prostitution and for a time enjoys the luxury of life in a refined brothel but, on meeting a blind organist (M. Serge Reggiani) she sickens of her trade and abandons it to care for him.

By a wretched but perfectly credible mischance, M. Reggiani learns of her squalid past. Full of rage and horror he attacks her and in defending herself she kills him—for which she is condemned to life-long imprisonment. The brothel scenes are illuminating (X Certificate, of course), the photography, in exceptionally lovely Eastman Colour, is excellent, and Mlle. Carrel has a sultry allure that should make Mlle. Brigitte Bardot look to her laurels.

Mlle. Bardot herself, a little subdued, turns up in *The Bride Is Too Beautiful*—a French variant on the theme of *Funny Face*. She is chosen by Mlle. Micheline Presle and M. Louis Jourdan, publishers of a woman's magazine, as the ideal cover girl, takes to modelling as a duck to water and is as happy as the grass is green until Mlle. Presle decides to photograph her as a bride.

Mlle. Bardot doesn't want to be just a mock bride: by now she wants to marry M. Jourdan. As he is more or less engaged to Mlle. Presle, this creates a difficult situation: it is, at any rate, one that it takes the film far too long to resolve.

Mlle. Bardot, whose physical charms have hitherto been, as joy should be, unconfined, is revealed wearing a *brassière*! From, I wondered, Miss Judy Holliday's firm—The Bonjour Tristesse Brassière Company?

—Elsbeth Grant



ELSA MARTINELLI shares the lead with Trevor Howard (above, left) in Ivan Foxwell's production of *Manuela* which will have its premiere on July 18. Miss Martinelli is here seen as a shipwreck survivor waiting for news of her lover, the ship's captain. The film is adapted from the novel by William Woods



## Book Reviews

# A WRITER REMEMBERS



VERA BRITTAİN, whose new book is entitled "Testament Of Experience" (Gollancz, 21s.), beside a sculpted head of her husband, Professor Catlin

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING is the subject of a biography by Gardner B. Taplin (John Murray, 42s.). This portrait is the book's frontispiece



ARE all good playwrights versatile—that's to say, men (or women) who have other activities, and whose interests extend far beyond the theatre? John van Druten's **The Widening Circle** (Heinemann, 18s.) causes one to speculate on these lines. Vanbrugh, Restoration dramatist, was the architect of Blenheim Palace; Tchekhov was a doctor—and, like Somerset Maugham, never quite lost the physician's viewpoint. Noël Coward's variety is infinite. Shakespeare must—if you will forgive the expression?—have had his finger in many pies, or how could he have known so much about the world? And so on. . . .

*The Widening Circle* is a book of reflections, which spring from memories. It is not autobiography, for the events recalled are not in chronological order. Scenes, incidents, conversations, crises, discoveries, travels, people, parties, and solitary adventures of the mind are sparked back to life. The author relives his years—childhood, adolescence, and now maturity. The igniting spark is, in almost all cases, association. For, close by, Mr. van Druten, as he writes in his study in California, are journals, mementoes, boxes of letters. And the books in the shelves represent, each one, not only personal taste but a past, if not present, universe of pleasure. There are books one outgrows, yet prefers to keep—for a glance at their backs re-evokes the magic of youth.

Mr. van Druten, in *The Widening Circle*, is not merely looking back, he is looking round. Life, he implies, grows fuller as it goes on—enlarged by its ever-growing content. Nothing that *was* in it, once, has ever quite gone! Therefore, here in this Californian room with the vast window, he is surrounded by the boy's Hampstead, the youth's London, the young British dramatist's first and bewildering New York. And these dovetail in with the present day, on the fruit farm in the Coachella Valley, where Mr. van Druten spends six months of the year, having done so for the last fifteen years.

WHAT is the thread of the "me" that runs through all change? He recalls the chafe of an Eton collar—those ended for him, it seems, around 1914.

And I remember all the other clothes I have since discarded. I see the soft, round leather box with which I always travelled, that held my stiff collars, the evening ones and the ones I wore by day when I wanted to look dressy; I see the spats, the sticks (canes, in America), the variety of hats, all the things that made me once arrive in the United States with eleven pieces of luggage. These things have passed from me. I have not carried a stick for twenty years or more. I wear a hat no longer in any weather. . . .

All these things, these rules, were once a part of me. They seemed essential, or I accepted the thought that they were. That "me" has turned into someone else now, who lives under different rules. . . . But it is still connected with all the old "mes," with the worlds and loves of all those other people whom I used to be.

The marvel, I think, of *The Widening Circle*, is the writing—its swift, spontaneous, never once shallow flow. But also, what a great range of topics! Hero-worship, as a sensation, is discussed. The Californian atmosphere and landscape, around Coachella, together with the character of the local town, come wonderfully alive for the British reader. Mr. van Druten says why he finds British crime more picturesque than crime in America. He is interested by the origin of ideas, and the odd way they zigzag from mind to mind. He goes into the reasons why he took American nationality, and the complex feelings accompanying the change. He talks of *Young Woodley*, and of this his first famous play's banning in London. Witchcraft, and the fascination it has always held for him, accounts for *Bell, Book And Candle*.

★ ★ ★

G. B. STERN's new novel **Seventy Times Seven** (Collins, 13s. 6d.) has—as the title suggests—the theme of forgiveness. Ironically, it is not until she is forty-nine that our heroine, Janice Arnot, realizes that she requires to be forgiven. She once sinned against friendship, she learns, in some damning way. Yet she still does not know *what* her crime was!

Janice is an attractive, somewhat high-handed widow. She





keeps house for her father, Sir Benedict Orme, a celebrated former actor-manager, and herself dabbles in affairs of the theatre in a privileged, semi-amateur way. Her twin daughters are, apparently, safely married. All, in fact, goes well. The first faintly chilly breath is when (on the opening page) at breakfast one morning she sees, in *The Times*, the death of a woman friend who had once meant much to her. Why, she dimly wonders, had she and Eleanor lately been out of touch?

The real shake, however, is still to come—in the form of sudden, bitter and violent attack from one Raff Godwin. "You once," he says, "did something to me so cruel that I can never forgive you." The man who speaks, though never Janice's lover, had for years seemed nearer than anyone in her life. . . . For a great part of *Seventy Times Seven*, our heroine acts, as it were, the rôle of detective in pursuit of the villain who was herself! Only in this case it is the crime, not the criminal, which must be tracked down. And alas, poor Janice, her investigations into her own past lay bare several other enormities!

Miss Stern, as you may imagine, handles the story masterfully. I suspect that Sir Benedict—who has little really to do with the main plot—remained her favourite character. He is certainly mine.

★ ★ ★

**R**ICHARD VINER's *End Without Glory* (John Long, 10s. 6d.) is a remarkable first novel—tense as a "thriller," but fearless and unconventional in its psychology. If a man, helpless and under abnormal pressure, consents to perform what could be a traitorous act, does that make him a traitor? That seems the question.

Allen Marshall, an R.A.F. radar officer, is the man so placed—and the "I" of the story. With others, in 1942, he is cut off by the Japanese in Java, and made prisoner. His captors, learning of his reputation as a journalist, command him to write a series of broadcasts for transmission to Australia: in fact, to become a Japanese Haw-Haw. The alternative, death.

With the threat go, also, insidious attempts to bribe. Marshall is transferred from prison to a comfortable, sinister bungalow in Batavia. His heart-searchings, his desperate playing for time, and the atmosphere of deception in which he lives are convincingly rendered by Mr. Viner.

—Elizabeth Bowen

AN OLD BEGGAR (far left) and the Dzon-pön of Shigatze, descendant of a royal dynasty (above), are two of the magnificent photographs taken by Pietro Francesco Mele and reproduced in his book "Tibet" (George Allen & Unwin, 30s.)



LOUIS XIV: the Roi Soleil is portrayed in a suitably Baroque manner in this bust shown in "Comparisons In Art" by Fern Rusk and John Shapley (Phaidon, 21s.)





## Fashions by Isobel Vicomtesse d'Orthez

HERE is a selection of youthful clothes for holidays and idle days which come from the Jaeger Boutique. On this page is an all cotton three-piece playsuit in a colour combination of blue, black and white. It has a well-shaped bra top and straight tailored shorts (below). Over the shorts and top goes a loose, full-backed jacket which falls to the top of the legs (above). This three-piece costs 16½ gns. and is available in other colours

## THE YOUNG LOOK . . .







Molinare

## .. ON HOLIDAY

ABOVE: Tapered slacks in pale apricot jersey are worn with a fashioned sweater in fine white wool, a charming outfit at home or abroad. The slacks cost 11 gns. and the sweater £2 5s. od., Italian cotton neckerchief 15s. 6d. Right: This cool and pretty cotton dress in pink, blue and white, has striped centre panels at back and front. It costs 13½ gns., and comes with everything else on these two pages from the Jaeger Boutique in Regent Street







ABOVE LEFT: Narrow orange linen trousers are worn beneath a straight boat-necked shirt top in white cotton patterned with pink boats. Above: Cool white linen tapering trousers worn with a loose smock jacket printed with an unusual design of paddle boats. All by Baldini, St. Margarita

## ITALIAN SUMMER

LEFT: By Baldini, St. Margarita, the briefest of shorts in red cotton worn beneath a loose white shirt with a design of circling red spots. Right: A fresh summer dress by Myricae, Rome. In white linen patterned in glazed blue, it has a scoop-neckline and full-tiered skirt









LEFT: A black top in fine wool with a high slit neckline knotting at the shoulders is teamed with a white and black pleated cotton skirt that is striped and checked, banded with a wide circular panel in black. By Rima Casuals, these useful separates cost £4 17s. 6d. the top, 18½ gns. the skirt, from Anne Gerrard, and Samuels of Manchester

## FOR LIGHT . . .

RIGHT: A bright idea for the beach or for a lazy day in your own house and garden, a loosely-tailored shirt is worn over long narrow pants, both in pyjama striped cotton in blue, pink and white. Both shirt and pants are very adaptable separates. By Rima Casuals, this outfit costs £12 9s. 6d., and can be obtained from Anne Gerrard, Bruton St.





Michel Molinare

## . . AND SHADOWS

ABOVE: This romper suit in a blue printed cotton mixture has a vee-neck bodice buttoning on the shoulder; the three-quarter length pants are banded tight below the knee to puff out harem style, and the waist is emphasized with a sash. Also by Rima Casuals, this comfortable and glamorous pair costs 12 guineas at Anne Gerrard, 27 Bruton Street, London, W.1





John French

CHOICE  
FOR  
THE  
WEEK



THE innate elegance of black is clearly shown in this 100 per cent silk three-piece by Frederick Starke. The camisole-topped sheath dress can be worn by itself with a fitted short bolero (left). For daytime

## SOPHISTICATE

occasions, it is worn with a draped, fichu-collared tunic, belted at the waist. Approx. 43 gns. at Morel, Curzon St. White hat, £5 7s. 6d., rhinestone ear-rings, £1 15s. 6d., bracelet, £3 5s., from Dickins & Jones, Regent St.





# Duo-tone elements make for chic

*THE VOGUE in two-colour accessories is proving a popular way of ringing the changes. Bags in two colours can be matched up with gloves, jewellery and umbrella covers, and alternated according to the mood of an occasion. One of the bags shown on these pages has interchangeable coloured panels to make for greater variety* —JEAN CLELAND

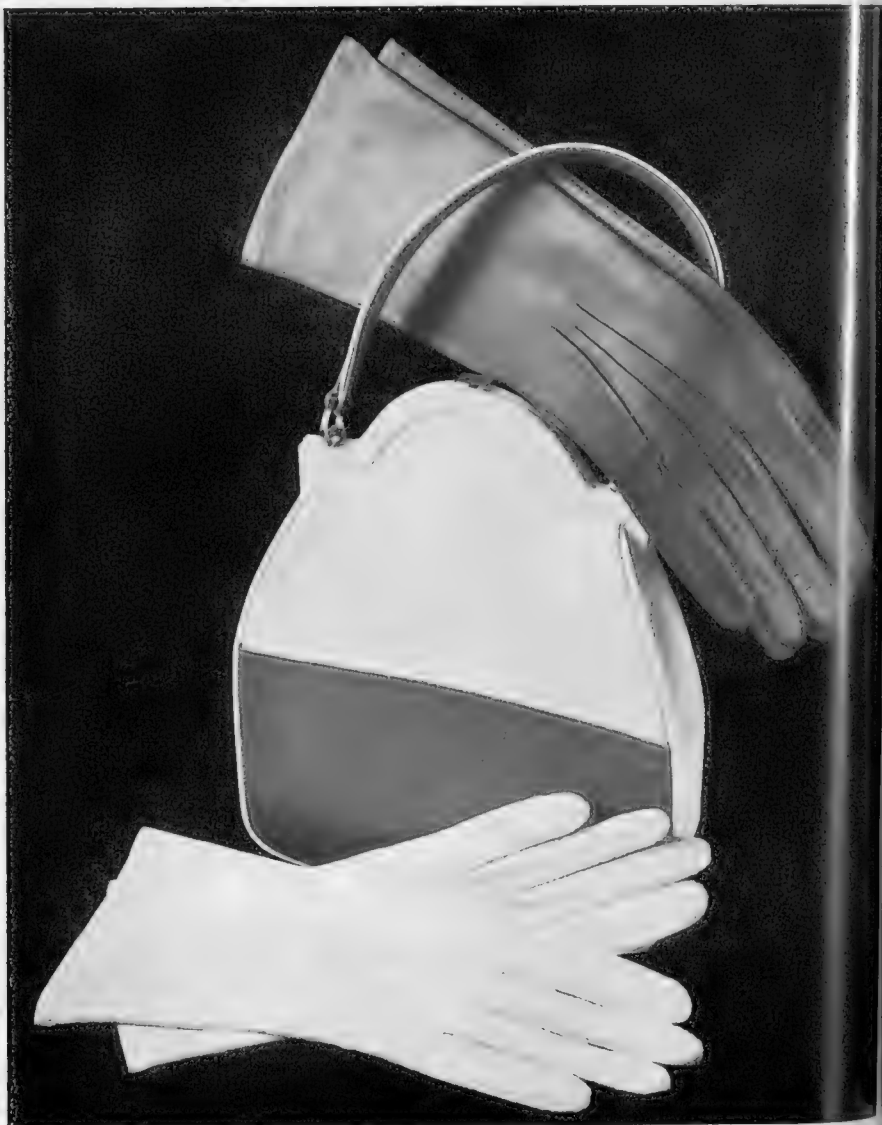


This white bag into which panels of white, black, red or blue (£6 10s. a set) can be inserted costs £10 2s. 6d. at Fortnum & Mason



Of original design, this bag has central panels of white canvas-like texture with frame and handle in blue, £9 17s. from Fortnum & Mason

A spongeable bag in white and tan leather, £6 15s. 6d., tan cape gloves, £2 2s., and perle hog-skin gloves, £2 9s. 6d., Debenham & Freebody



Navy blue kid gloves with white piping, £1 14s. 6d., and navy and white bowed kid gloves, £2 2s. 6d., Finnigans



Sharply contrasting blue and white beads go to make a four-string necklace to highlight a summer suit or dress, £2 4s. 6d., Fortnum & Mason



Compact navy and white bag, £7 2s. 6d., and slim, white umbrella with a twisted handle and a silken tassel, £2 7s. 6d., Fortnum & Mason

Dennis Smith



White and navy blue nappa leather bag, price £5 5s., and navy suede gloves with white-slashed cuffs, £3 13s. 6d., from Debenham's



*This attractive holder is a new idea for keeping your face tissues clean and tidy on your dressing table; it costs 11s. 9d. and is obtainable at Marshall & Snelgrove*

## Beauty

# Complexions up-to-date



Dennis Smith

POETS rhapsodizing over feminine charms have often used the term "milky skin" as being the highest form of praise. No doubt it was in the hope of attaining this perfection that famous beauties throughout history made use of milk.

A number of elaborate recipes from the past, featuring milk, were described at a party given recently by Lenthéric to launch their new range of Tweed "Sheer Beauty" Cosmetics. These home-made affairs may have been excellent, but life today would hardly allow time to prepare them. Just imagine rustling up the following little concoction to drive away wrinkles: "Incense-cake, fresh olive oil, wax, and cyperus. Crush, grind, put in fresh milk, and apply to the face for six days." To keep young and beautiful must have taken them all their time.

AWARE that things have speeded up a bit since then, Lenthéric have brought out a milk beautifying cream, all ready prepared for use. Created from an entirely new formula, which makes use of the whitening and feeding properties of milk, it nourishes the skin, and, by replacing the natural oil helps to keep wrinkles at bay. This new and highly nourishing cream is called "Tweed Special Skin Food."

Other preparations in the new range are "Tweed Clean-up Cream" designed not only to cleanse but—used regularly—to make the complexion a shade lighter. "Tweed Clean-up Milk" for a quick daytime cleansing, "Tweed Skin Tonic," non-astringent, and suitable for dry and oily complexions, "Tweed Transparent Foundation Cream," specially recommended for the sensitive ultra-dry skin, as it supplies it with moisture.

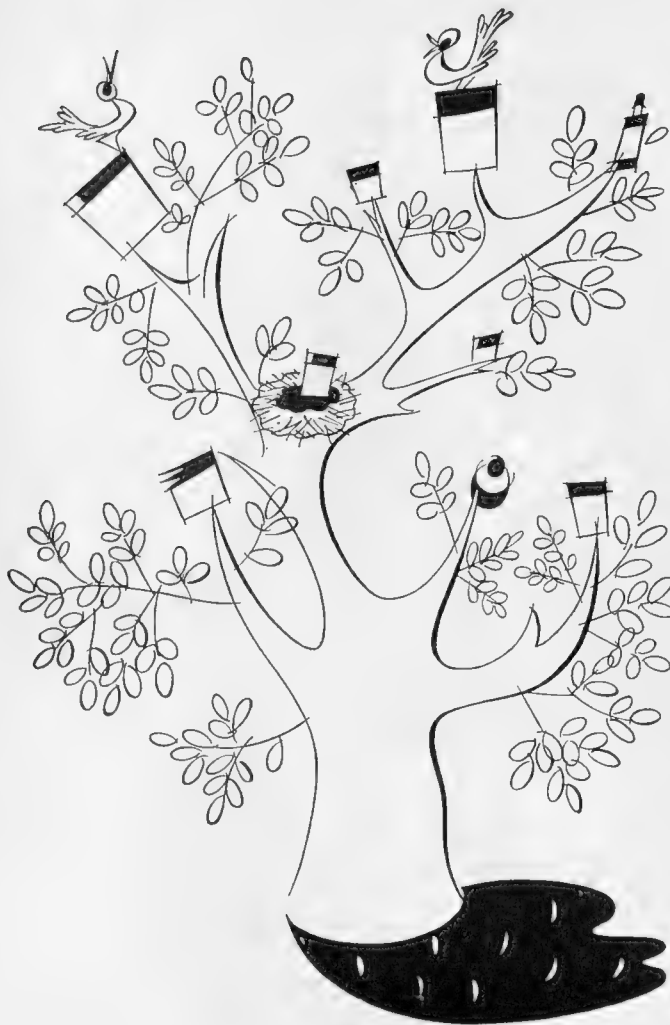
Nowdays, fashions change in looks just as surely as they do in dress. If you don't follow the trends in hair styles and make-up, you are apt to be as outdated as if you flouted the latest line in a coat or suit. If then you would be face conscious, and right up-to-the-minute, you must know of Helena Rubinstein's "Opalescent Look," which even before I have time to describe it, is set-fair for popularity.

BEHIND this new look there is a story. Helena Rubinstein is a connoisseur of beauty of many kinds besides feminine appearance. In her lovely homes—so many that when I try to remember where they are I get all mixed up—she has fabulous collections of exquisite things. Among these are some magnificent examples of French opaline glass. It is on this that she has based the enchanting colour tones of her new make-up.

The new "Opalescent" shade has a pearly lustre, and what can best be described as a translucent light. It reflects beauty, and gives the skin a delicate shimmering look. Helena Rubinstein has incorporated it into her famous "Silk" make-up, so that now, to use her own words, you can base your new look on a subtle film of liquid silk, tinted to this new diaphanous shade.

In this latest range you can get "Opalescent Silk-tone Foundation Special" (for dry and sensitive skins), "Opalescent Silk Face Powder," and for touching up during the day, "Opalescent Silk Minute Make-up."

—Jean Cleland

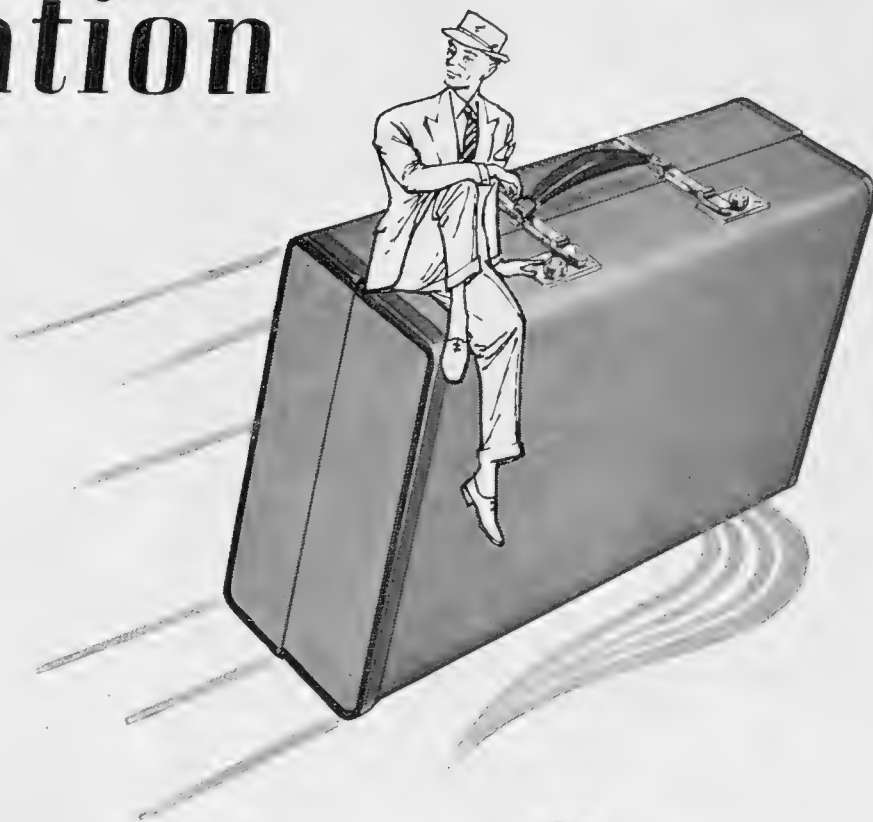


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**Manners—Moore.** Lord John Manners, second son of the late Duke of Rutland, and Kathleen Duchess of Rutland, of Belvoir Lodge, Grantham, married at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, Miss Mary Diana Moore, younger daughter of the late Lt.-Col. Geoffrey Moore, and Mrs. Moore, of Sloane Court West, S.W.1, and Three Sisters, M'Sonnedi, S. Rhodesia



## RECENTLY MARRIED



**Cherry—Pryor.** The marriage took place recently of Mr. Peter Cherry, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Cherry, of Hornbeams, Welwyn, Hertfordshire, and Miss Alice Pryor, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Pryor, of Weston Park, Hitchin, Hertfordshire, at Weston Parish Church



**Moncrieff—Peto.** Capt. Charles St. J. G. Moncrieff, Scots Guards, son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. D. G. Moncrieff, of Perth, married Miss Joanna Peto, daughter of the late Major John Peto and of Mrs. Hugh Ryder, of Waltham St. Lawrence, Berks, at Waltham St. Lawrence Parish Church



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**Pretty—Campbell-Walter.** At St. Margaret's, Fernhurst, Sussex, Dr. John William Henry Pretty, only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Pretty, of The Cottage, The Hythe, Staines, Middlesex, married Miss Sheila Elspeth Campbell-Walter, younger daughter of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. K. McN. Campbell-Walter, of R.N. H.Q., Cologne

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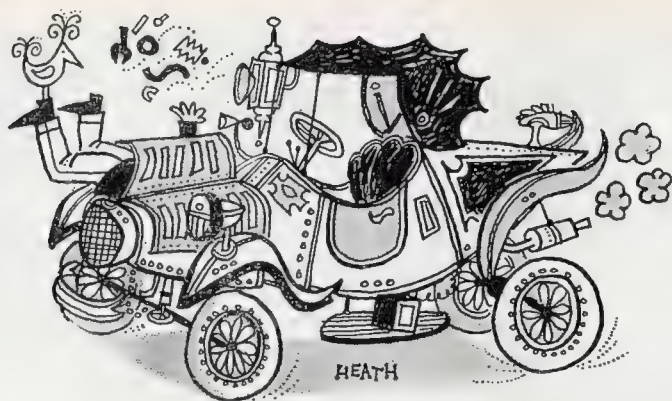
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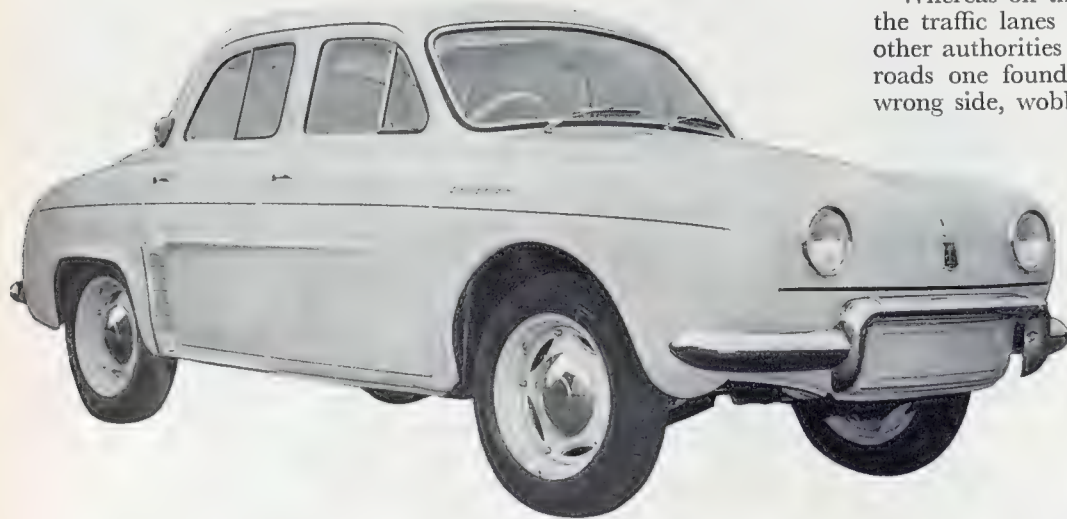
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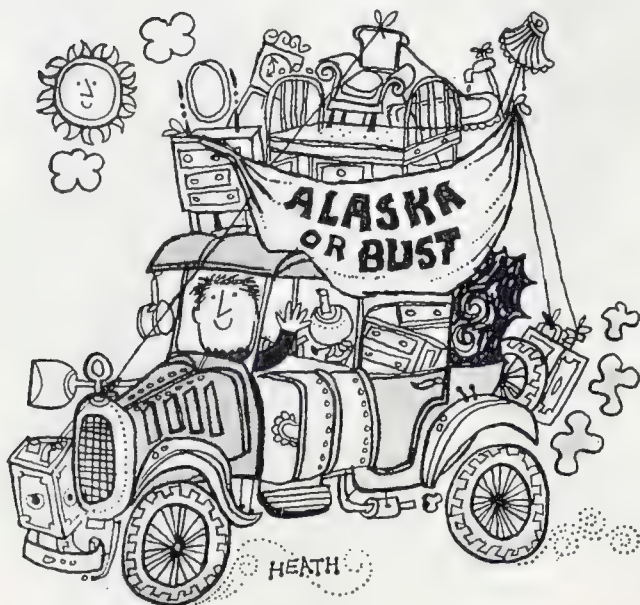


## Motoring

# THE MONZA MUDDLE IS A WARNING



THE RENAULT DAUPHINE represents a major achievement of the French motor industry. With an 845 c.c. engine and many refinements, it costs £769 7s. 0d. (incl. tax)



MY colleagues of the specialist press have been making some forthright comments upon the Monza mix-up. I can see some of the arguments on both sides. European Grand Prix racing has nothing whatever to do with the Indianapolis, circus, type of event. The Grand Prix car, balanced and manoeuvrable, is utterly different from the American Indianapolis vehicle. This is in every sense a freak, lop-sided and expressly designed for running in conditions having no resemblance to road conditions. So the idea of trying to transport an Indianapolis type of event to Italy was unsound to begin with. On the other hand it would be sad indeed if these arguments were to damage the future of Grand Prix racing.

Hundreds of thousands of people—myself included—have found their greatest pleasure and interest in Grand Prix racing as we know it in Europe. Brooklands had its day as an unchecked circuit, but even there it was eventually found desirable to create artificial “road” courses. They were the best the law would allow us to do in this country to stage a genuine road race. It is indeed extraordinary that Italy, which has been a stronghold of road racing and the country that has produced the greatest road racing drivers, should now be turning to circus racing.

DURING those glorious, sunny days of mid-June I thought that I observed a curious driving phenomenon, and I should be glad of my readers’ opinions on the subject. It seemed to me—and I admit my evidence is so far fragmentary—that drivers on the packed and suffocating main roads were driving slowly and cautiously; but that the moment they turned off the main roads into the small, secondary roads and lanes, they became speed demons—and highly incompetent ones at that.

Whereas on the main roads one found correct positioning in the traffic lanes and all the hand-flapping that the police and other authorities in this country like so much, on the secondary roads one found people hurtling round blind corners on the wrong side, wobbling all over the place, cutting in, refusing to give way and in general giving all the signs of a delinquent mentality.

A possible explanation is that these drivers were failing to exercise their imaginations. Seeing before them a narrow leafy lane, they assumed that it must be empty. They failed to imagine the possibilities of what might lie just beyond their view. Imagination is an important factor in good driving. But I put this forward as a tentative theory and I shall await with interest any comments which correspondents may care to send me.

THOSE American manufacturers who have decided to ban all references to the performance capabilities of their cars have tried to anticipate public taste. Cars with large capacity engines are now so fast that the ordinary purchaser has already, to some extent, lost interest in the precise top speed figure. Nevertheless it is going to be difficult to keep that figure dark—which seems to be the aim—even if it is desirable.

The trouble has been the tendency among the uninformed to equate the performance of a car with its likelihood of being involved in an accident. The truth is different. The same driver, exercising the same degree of caution, will be less likely to be involved in an accident if he is in a faster, higher performing car. I would remind the American manufacturers of the Chinese proverb: Wine does not make a man drunk; a man makes himself drunk, and I would give it this motoring twist: Speed does not cause drivers to have accidents, drivers cause themselves to have accidents. It is not an elegant adaptation; but it expresses a truth.

The publication of performance figures also implies a recognized standard, which a maker falls below at his peril. Under the cloak of secrecy the temptation may exist for a manufacturer to lower this standard to an undesirable extent. I do not say it will happen, but such a move involves that possibility.

And even supposing that manufacturers drop all reference to performance, are we to have no more road tests? The invitation: Would you like to try this car? is an invitation to determine the performance of that car. On the whole there would seem to be one or two valid objections to the American scheme.

—Oliver Stewart



Ivon de Wynter

MURRAY RADIN has been at Au Pere de Nico since 1955. This small Chelsea restaurant has an informal atmosphere but a professional and international kitchen; one can eat in very pleasant surroundings out-of-doors here in summer

## DINING OUT

### Good traditions

IN 1707 a Mr. William Fortnum arrived in London and by a piece of good fortune for those people who enjoy the good things of life met a Mr. Hugh Mason and this was how, 250 years ago, Fortnum and Mason became established in Piccadilly.

I am in hearty agreement with Thomas Burke who wrote in *The London Spy* in 1925: "The sight of their windows and their furnished delicacies is irresistible. I cannot pass them. I must go in and survey the glazed chickens and the noble briskets, the 'possy boars' heads, the brown Bath chaps, the bewildering assortment of exotic *hors d'oeuvres*—cock's combs in jelly, truffles from rigord, caviare from Astrachan, anchovies from Scandinavia, olives from the south—in jars and bottles, their vessels fashioned in fantastic shapes for their delightful purposes. I say it is one of the spectacles of London, and it always draws me when I am in Piccadilly."

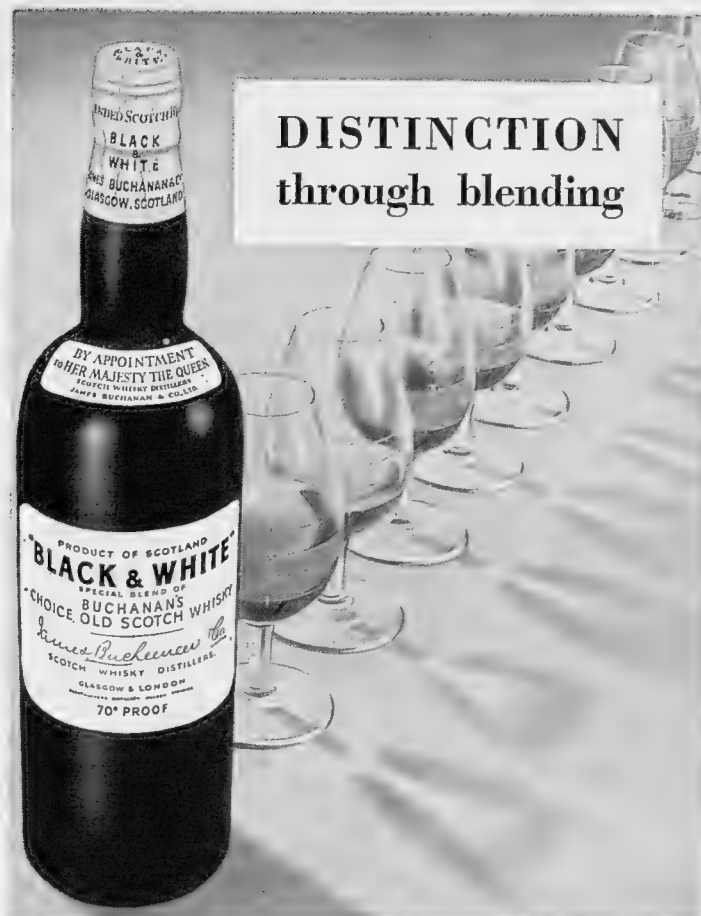
This remarkable anniversary was celebrated in a fit and proper manner with a very excellent party on the Fourth Floor. The cold buffet prepared by twelve of their own chefs, all English, and all of whom were in attendance, was magnificent; each dish might well have been a winning exhibit at some "Concours d'Elegance Gastronomique." The liquid refreshment in support consisted of champagne, Charles Heidsieck '49, chosen by the very enthusiastic head of their wine department, Mr. George Polley, who also introduced a special sherry to mark the event, which was developed after a year of experiments with different blends and will in future be known as "250" Sherry Fino, an excellent wine which will sell at the very reasonable price of 17s. 6d. per bottle.

LET us fly from Fortnum's by B.O.A.C. to their Speedbird Restaurant at the Airways Terminal at Victoria. Unless one has to go there to get a ticket or catch a coach to some airport, it would probably not occur to one to go there for the sole purpose of having an excellent lunch or dinner, but that is exactly what you can do.

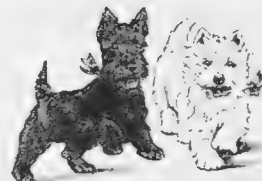
The restaurant is gay, comfortable, extremely well lighted and air-conditioned. There is also a smart cocktail bar en route to its entrance. The menu, very well produced, might well grace any restaurant in the West End, and when you read that "this menu is intended as a guide, the chef will cook to your order" and find it signed by the chef in person, you begin to realize that somebody is trying very hard—certainly John Pringle, the restaurant manager, who is very proud of the place and acts accordingly. He joined the R.A.F. in 1941 and B.O.A.C. as Catering Officer in 1942, serving in West Africa all through the war.

The *table d'hôte* lunch is 9s. but there's almost nothing you can't have if you go *à la carte*. There are various wines by the glass at 2s. 6d., and several surprising wines on a comprehensive wine list, including some red and white Bordeaux and Burgundies at 40s. per bottle and more, and hocks up to 44s., most of them château or estate bottled.

—I. Bickerstaff



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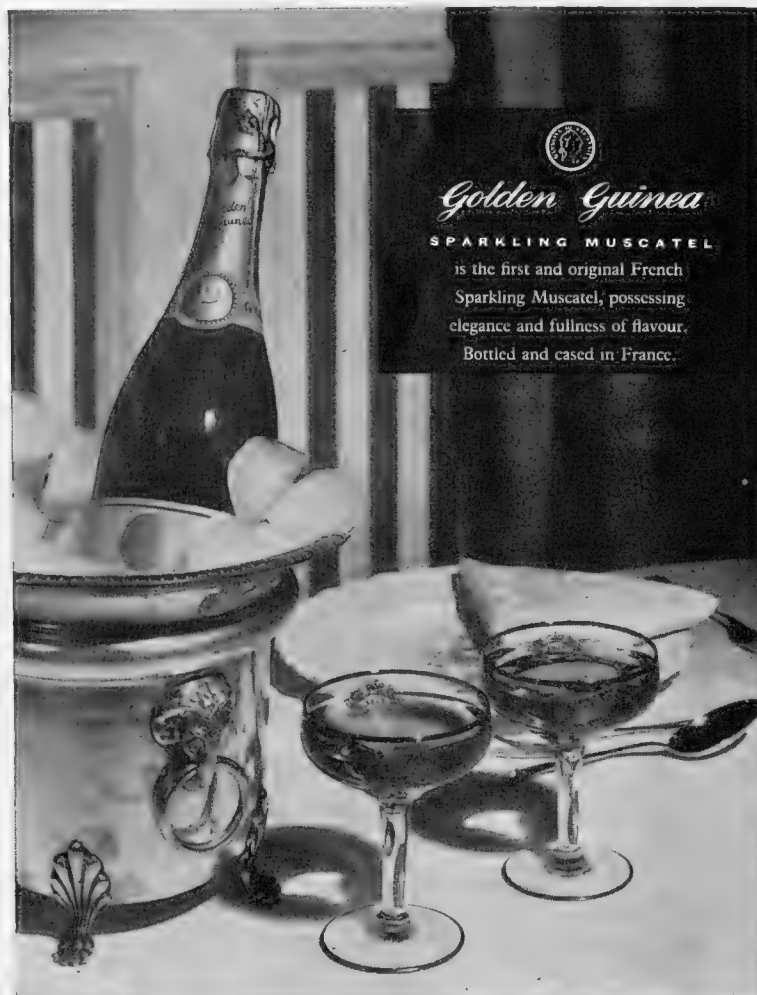
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## DINING IN

### Sovereign of flavourings



WHAT would we do without lemons in our kitchens? Of all the fruits we use in cookery, the lemon is, undoubtedly, the king. There are few dishes, whether savoury or sweet, which lemon juice will not improve. It is an essential ingredient in sauces of all kinds, preferable, in many cases, to vinegar. There is nothing like a squeeze of lemon juice for keeping white mushrooms white and preventing such cut fruits as pears, apples and bananas from discolouring. Lemon juice enhances the flavour of lamb, veal, whitebait and other fish—and a thin slice of lemon in milkless tea, particularly China tea, makes it a most refreshing beverage.

If only the juice is required for certain dishes one can buy it in cans or plastic "lemons." If, however, you want the best of all lemon "essence," rub cubes of sugar over the rind of those perfectly perfumed lemons we sometimes get, before squeezing them. Store these cubes in a tightly closed screw-capped jar and keep them on hand for sweetening-flavouring. (I make orange-flavoured sugar cubes in the same way.)

Among the three hundred recipes devoted to lemons in *The Encyclopaedia Of Practical Cookery* there are two sauces for which I have been on the alert for a long time. The first is a Lemon Sauce for a boiled fowl.

Peel and slice a large lemon, pick out all the pips and cut slices into small square pieces. Boil a fowl's liver. Chop and add it to the lemon. Pour  $\frac{1}{4}$  pint hot melted butter over them, stir well, and serve in a sauceboat with the fowl.

The second is a Lemon Sauce for boiled, baked or fried fish. Squeeze and strain the juice of a large lemon into a lined saucepan. Put in with it  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. butter and pepper and salt to taste. Beat it over the fire until thick and hot, but do not let it boil. When done, mix with the sauce the beaten yolks of two eggs.

LEMON Solid is a simple and inexpensive summer sweet. Place in a saucepan the very thinly peeled rind of three lemons (no white),  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. cube sugar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  oz. best quality powdered gelatine and  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint milk. Heat very slowly, without stirring or boiling, until the gelatine and sugar are dissolved.

Add the juice from the lemons. Strain this mixture into  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint cold milk, stir it gently, then pour all into a wetted mould or one with the inside brushed with tasteless oil. (The oil will allow the Lemon Solid to slip out of the mould, when set, without the need of standing it in hot water.)

The specks of curd rise and the whey remains in the clear part of the sweet, which has a pleasing sharp flavour.

MILANAISE Soufflé is a delicious cold lemon mousse turned into a soufflé dish ( $6\frac{1}{2}$  in. by  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in., or  $5\frac{1}{2}$  by 3) wrapped with a collar of strong white paper extending two inches above the rim. The idea is to fill the dish and an inch or so above it so that, when the paper is removed, the sweet has the appearance of a well-risen baked soufflé. The paper collar should rest on the table and is pinned and tied into a perfectly round shape.

Finely grate the rind of three lemons and extract and strain their juice. Add 5 oz. caster sugar and 3 egg yolks. Beat together, then whisk over hot water or a very low heat until thick and almost frothy. Moisten  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. powdered gelatine for 10 to 15 minutes in 3 tablespoons cold water. Stir them into the other mixture and, still over hot water, whisk until the gelatine is dissolved. Remove from the heat. Whip the egg whites very stiffly and fold them into the mixture. Finally, add  $\frac{1}{4}$  pint half-whipped double cream. Fill the dish with the mixture.

Store in a cold place to set firmly. Remove the pins and cotton and, with a knife held against the paper, gradually pull it off, using the knife as "brake." It will come off clean, without damaging the mousse it supported. Decorate the top with a little more whipped cream and sprinkle a margin of chopped browned almonds around the top, also pressing some on the sides of the mousse extending above the dish.

—Helen Burke

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## *Boiled Lobster*

There is nothing esoteric about plain boiled lobster, but it makes a better picture than the more complicated lobster dishes, some of which are briefly described below.



# A Guinness Guide to Lobster on the Menu

**T**HE JUSTIFICATION of the language of the menu is that if it did not exist it would be necessary to invent it. Self-explanatory names in English would be long and cumbersome. Some of the expressions you may encounter when lobster is on the menu are explained here.

### SOME FAMOUS LOBSTER DISHES

**LOBSTER CARDINAL.** For this the meat is removed from the shell and cooked in lobster sauce and brandy. Then it is put back into the shell and browned under the grill. **LOBSTER AMERICAINE.** The flesh is taken from the shell and flared in brandy. Then lobster stock, with

a little garlic and brandy, is added, and the cooking completed. Served with rice. **LOBSTER NEWBURG.** Also served with rice, but cooked in lobster stock, brandy and cream. **LOBSTER NORMANDE.** The flesh is taken from the shell very carefully so as not to break it. It is steamed, and served with a white wine sauce, cream, butter and lemon, and garnished with fried shrimps and mushrooms.

**LOBSTER THERMIDOR.** The flesh is removed from the shell, and flared in brandy, then cooked in white wine sauce, with herbs and shallots. Back in the shell, it is sprinkled with grated cheese and gratinée under the grill.

**LOBSTER AND GUINNESS.** Guinness has a special affinity for shell fish of every kind: oysters and Guinness, for example, have been table companions for generations. With the kingly lobster its clean appetising taste goes particularly well; and lobster, in any of the forms here described, is happy to share a table with a cool dark Guinness.

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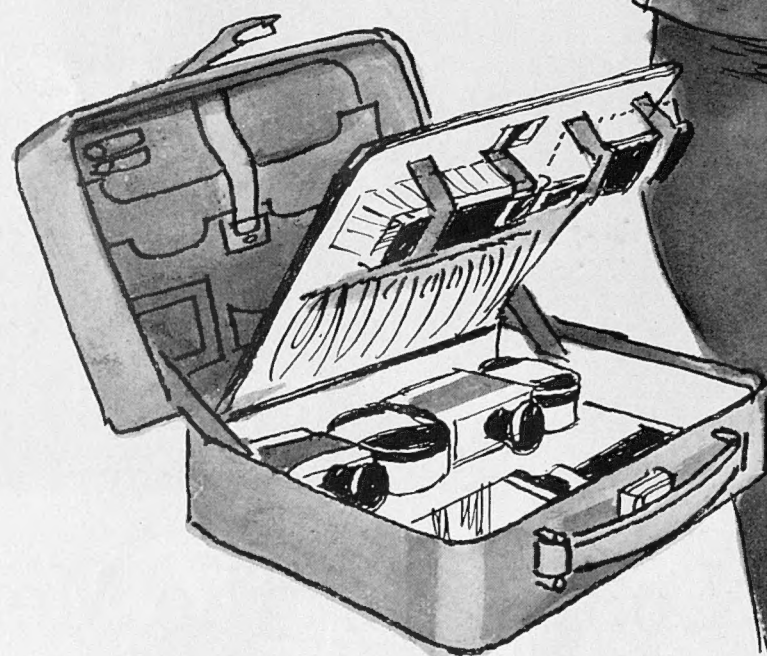
with a *flight* of doves

a *flurry* of fashion

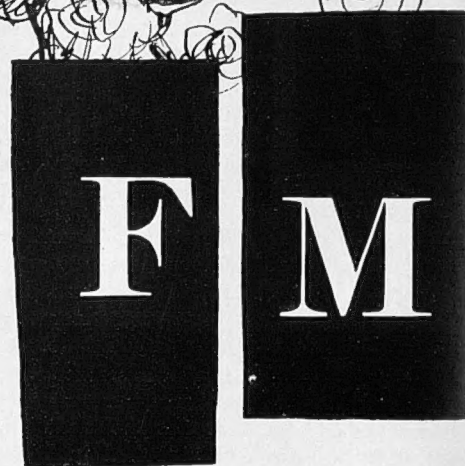
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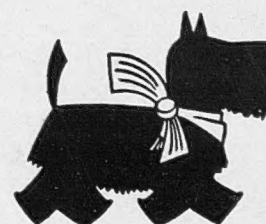
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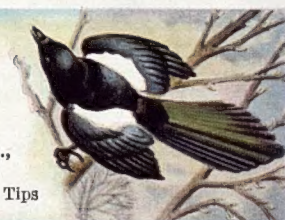
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